

EXPLOSIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY!

1984

NUMBER TWO

AUG 1978™

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MEN DIED
TO POSSESS
HER!

PLANETS
BATTLED TO
CLAIM HER!
SHE WAS
UNIQUE
IN ALL THE
UNIVERSE!

YET, SHE
CARRIED
A DEADLY
SCOURGE!



SOAR THROUGH THE COSMOS!

FLY WITH US TO PLACES WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE!



FIND
REFUGE
IN THE
SANITY
OF 1984!

ESCAPE THE DRABNESS OF THE COMMON WORLD!

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LAST OF RED HOT LOVERS

By now, everyone knows the story of how civilization came to an end. There were no bombs. No great wars. What happened, of course, could only be called a divinely inspired "accident." For years, the Soviets trucked their nuclear wastes to a naturally bottomless pit at the peak of Mount Ichinskaya. When that pit began to boil, however, they realized that their nuclear "munitions pit" was in reality a long-dormant, newly-activating volcano!

SCOURGE

Mankind was always a boisterous, rowdy race. Men considered themselves unique in all the universe. Little did they realize how accurate they were. And yet, it was not man who was unique. It was woman!

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THE KIT

What's the matter, bunky . . . living got you down? Are the worms of life slowly eating away at your sanity? Act now, and your problems will be a thing of the past . . . with the Sure-Fire, Self-Decimation Kit!

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FUNNY FARM

First they stuck these humongous needles into my brain. Then they filled my head with their perverted fantasies. It wasn't a bad form of entertainment, really. But I couldn't see it replacing the tube!

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JANITOR

He was an unassuming little man. Some might even call him ugly. Yet, there was something about him . . . a sinister magnetism that women couldn't refuse. It was as if he had been sent to them for a purpose!

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MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was hungry. But that wasn't unusual. Dimento was always hungry. Yet, after mankind destroyed his world, there was very little to eat. Oh, a stray rat would wander by every now and then. On a good day he might find a maggot-filled dog. Once, he had been lucky enough to stumble upon the week-old carcass of a horse. It was rare, though, that he could find an unarmed man. They were the best. He could make one of them last for days!

43

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MANEATERS

Homonculus Retch was his name. But they called him a maneater. Okay, so he ate forty-two of the passengers aboard his intergalactic star-cruiser. But what else was a fella to do when the provisions ran out?

THE MICROBE PATROL

Their ship was small. Minuscule. Invisible to the naked eye. They called their craft "The Bug!" Its mission: to enter the bloodstream of the human body and do combat with invading virus. It was a journey as uncertain as a flight into deep space. But the crew loved their work. Morale was high. And if you listened very closely you could even hear their spirited song! "Oh, the Microbe Patrol. The Microbe Patrol. We keep toxins under control!"

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BY NOW, EVERYONE KNOWS THE STORY OF HOW CIVILIZATION CAME TO AN END. THERE WERE NO BOMBS, NO GREAT WARS. THERE WASN'T EVEN ANY NOTEWORTHY RIOTING IN THE STREETS. THE BRILLIANT FLAME THAT WAS MANKIND JUST SORT OF SPUTTERED OUT AND DIED!

HA! HA! HA!
SLAY THE SYPH-LICKING APES! MASSACRE THE DOG REAMING PIGS!

WEED OUT THEIR WORM-EATING WOMEN!
IT'S TIME WE HAD US SOME FUN!

ONE DAY THERE WERE TWENTY BILLION DEMANDING SOULS SCREAMING OUT TO BE FED, CLOTHED AND SHELTERED. THE NEXT THERE WEREN'T BUT A HANDFUL OF MEAKLY WHIMPERING BODIES, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE THEY SHARED WITH HUMAN BEINGS WAS MORE ACCIDENT THAN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

WHAT HAPPENED, OF COURSE, CAN ONLY BE BLAMED ON THE SCIENTISTS...! WHAT THEY DID, YOU MIGHT RECALL, WAS NOTHING SHORT OF INSPIRED!



The LAST of the RED HOT LOVERS

FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS OF EVERY COUNTRY EXPONDED ON THE MERITS OF CLEAN, SAFE NUCLEAR POWER, TO MEET THE WORLD'S GROWING ENERGY DEMANDS.

HA! HA! HA! SLIMING NEANDERTHALS! THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO FIVE HUNDRED DEAD! TELL ME, LIEUTENANT... HOW MANY WOMEN DID WE NET FROM THIS SCUM?

A HANDFUL, COMMANDER! THERE CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE!

WHAT THE SANCTIMONIOUS SAVANTS DIDN'T LIKE TO TELL US WAS THAT THE "WHOLESALE" ATOMIC POWER PLANTS WHICH MADE OUR WORLD TURN, ACTUALLY PRODUCED LIMITLESS TONS OF RADIOACTIVE WASTES!

THE WASTE IN ITSELF WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN TOO BAD, AS LONG AS IT COULD HAVE BEEN SAFELY STORED FOR TWO OR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS... WHICH IS ROUGHLY HOW LONG IT TAKES THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS TO BURN THEMSELVES OUT!

YET, EACH COUNTRY HANDLED THEIR NUCLEAR WASTES IN VARYING UNORTHODOX WAYS....!

THE JAPANESE HID THEIRS IN A DEEP UNDERSEA TRENCH... JUST OFF THE COAST OF CHINA!

THE CHINESE STORED THEIRS IN WOODEN CRATES IN THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN MONGOLIA....!

AND THE AMERICANS SHIPPED THEIRS TO PUERTO RICO... FIGURING THAT ANY UNFORSEEN NUCLEAR "ACCIDENT" WOULD ONCE AND FOR ALL SOLVE THE DILEMMA OF ANNEXING THEIR "FIFTY-FIRST STATE!"

THE NUMBER DWINDLES WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE RAID! SOON THERE'LL BE NONE! THEN WHERE WILL WE QUENCH OUR LUSTS?

WHO CARES, COMMANDER?! WE LIVE ONLY FOR TODAY!

TONIGHT WE BATHE IN BEAVER...

WHEN IT CAME TO DISPOSING OF NUCLEAR GARBAGE, HOWEVER, THE RUSSIANS WERE THE MASTERS HANDS DOWN. THEY TRUCKED THEIR RADIOACTIVE WASTE TO THE PEAK OF MOUNT ICHINSKAYA. THERE, THEY DUMPED IT INTO THE NATURALLY BOTTOMLESS PIT FOUND AT THE APEX OF THE MOUNTAIN.

...TOMORROW WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE DROUGHT!

THAT WORKED PRETTY WELL... FOR FORTY OR FIFTY YEARS... UNTIL THE MOUNTAIN BEGAN TO BOIL! IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT THE "CLEVER" RUSSIANS REALIZED THAT THEIR ATOMIC "MUNITIONS PIT" WAS IN REALITY A LONG-DORMANT, NEWLY-ACTIVATING VOLCANO!

THERE WASN'T MUCH THEY OR ANYONE ELSE COULD DO TO STOP THE IMPENDING ERUPTION... SO THE WILY REDS SIMPLY SHRUGGED THEIR SHOULDERS AND MILKED THE NEWS FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH...!

THE KREMLIN ISSUED STATEMENTS, TV BRIEFS, AND BULLETINS...! THEY BOISTEROUSLY TOLD THE WORLD OF THE COMING ATOMIC HOLOCAUST, AND HOW IT WOULD BE BROUGHT ABOUT, COURTESY OF AN INSPIRED SOVIET GOVERNMENT.

MACHIAVELLIAN RUSSO PROPAGANDISTS CLAIMED THE NUCLEAR ERUPTION WOULD "THIN OUT" SOME OF THE FATTY EXCESS POPULATION, MAKING THE WORLD LIVEABLE ONCE AGAIN FOR THOSE OF US WHO REMAINED. THE RUSSIANS PROUDLY PROCLAIMED THEMSELVES "THE SAVIORS OF ALL HUMANKIND!"



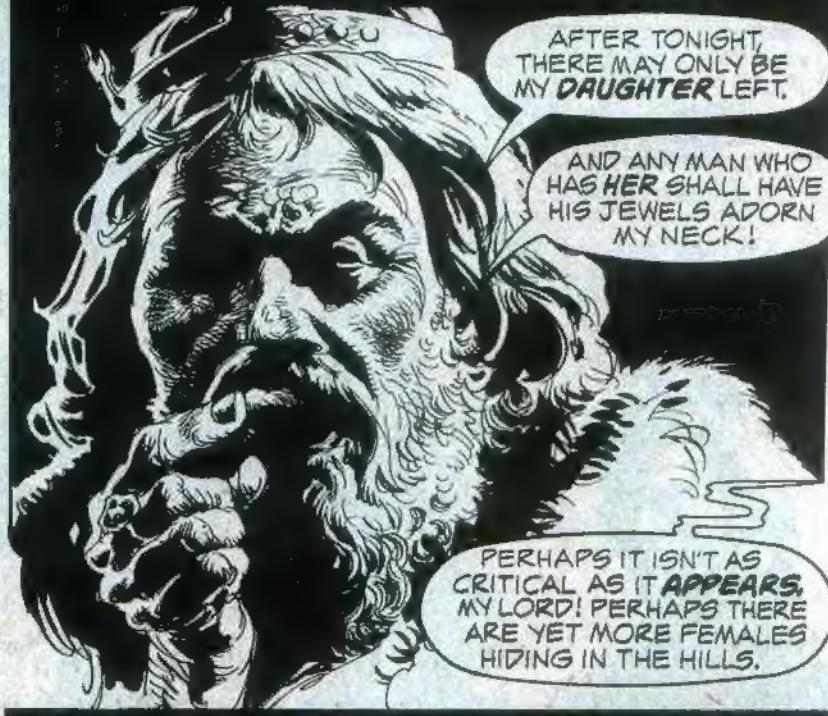
THOSE WHO WERE THERE WHEN ICHINSKAYA ERUPTED HAD THEY LIVED, NO DOUBT WOULD HAVE SAID THAT IT WAS TRULY A **MARVEL** TO BEHOLD. ALL THE BEAUTIFULLY COLORED ISOTOPES... STRONTIUM, CESIUM AND PLUTONIUM, SPURTED LIKE THE ULTIMATE **ORGASM**, IN A KALEIDOSCOPIC DISPLAY SHOOTING EIGHT MILES INTO THE SKY.

WHEN THE DETRITUS CAME DOWN, OF COURSE, IT CAME DOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD... IRRADIATING THE LAND AND THE BODIES OF EVERY LIVING BEING WITH MILLICURIES OF **RADIOACTIVE DEBRIS**!

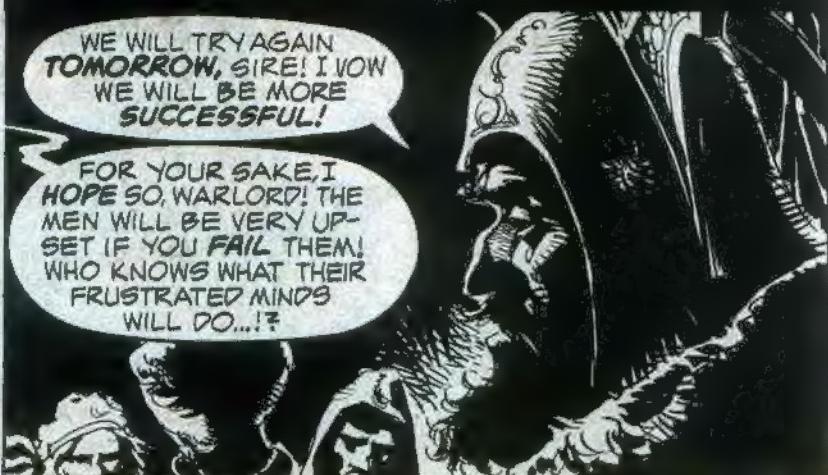


THE ANNOUNCEMENT PROVED TO BE SUCH A PUBLIC RELATIONS **Coup**, THAT LEADERS OF LESSER NATIONS BERATE THEMSELVES FOR NOT HAVING THOUGHT OF IT FIRST.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS WERE THE FIRST TO GO! MANKIND FOLLOWED SEVERAL SECONDS LATER...! IT WAS TRULY A **CURIOS** SIGHT... PEOPLE BLOATING, BECOMING POCK-MARKED AND PULPY, THEIR BONES DECOMPOSING INTO JELLY. IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT BEFORE THEY BEGAN **EXPLODING** IN LITTLE RED SPURTS!



THOSE WHO SURVIVED CHRISTENED IT "**THE DAY OF MANKIND'S FINAL SPURT**!" BUT THEN, THOSE WHO SURVIVED HAD TO SHOW **SOME** SENSE OF HUMOR, SINCE PORTIONS OF THEIR OWN RADIACITY-DRENCHED BODIES WERE SLOWLY WITHERING AWAY!



THE MOST COMMON AFFLICTION AMONG THE SURVIVORS WAS THAT WHICH CAME TO BE CALLED "HOT BOX ROT!"

MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK... OR SOON WE HAVE NO MORE NOOKIE!

FIVE HUNDRED DEAD... AND LAST OF WOMEN ALMOST GONE!

WE NOT HAVE GOOD LUCK WHEN IT COME TO WAR!

THE RADIATION, INSTEAD OF AFFLICTING THE ENTIRE HUMAN FORM FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON RESTRICTED ITSELF TO THE TESTES OF THE ADULT HOMO SAPIEN MALE!

EVEN THEN, ITS EFFECTS COULD SCARCELY BE SEEN OR FELT. THE CONDITION MANIFESTED ITSELF ONLY IN TIMES OF UNBRIDLED PASSION.

AFTER WOMEN GONE, ONLY FEMALE LEFT BE KING'S UNBLEMISHED DAUGHTER!

BE GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HER CAPTIVE! THEN WE MAKE KING FAIR TRADE!

HE TAKE NO MORE WOMEN... AND WE BE NICE TO GIRL!

SEEM LIKE GOOD EXCHANGE TO ME!

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEHOW THE MALE REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS ABSORBED THE RADIATION AND STORED IT LIKE A MINIATURE REACTOR... UNTIL THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT IT WAS RELEASED AND SENT HURTLING DOWN THAT LONG, DARK TUBE!

NATURALLY, THE RECIPIENT OF THESE ATOMIC PAYLOADS GENERALLY RECEIVED THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LICENTIOUS YOUNG LIVES! WOMEN LIT UP LIKE ST. ELMO'S FIRE, BEFORE FIZZLING OUT TO THE GREAT BEYOND!

THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY YOUNG THINGS WERE SENT THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES IN BLISSFUL BUT TERMINAL ECSTASY! COMELY YOUNG CREATURES QUICKLY LEARNED TO AVOID THE NOXIOUS MALE! AND THERE WERE MANY WHO SWORE OATHS TO CELIBACY!



THEN THERE WERE THOSE WHO WERE AFFECTED BY THE RADIATION IN OTHER WAYS! INSTEAD OF BECOMING MINIATURE BOMBS, THERE WERE SURVIVORS WHOSE GLANDS SWELLED, RENDERING REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS VEHEMENTLY OVERSIZED!



YET, THESE FORTUNATE (OR UNFORTUNATE, DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW) FEW, SOON DISCOVERED THAT ONE PORTION OF THE ANATOMY COULD NOT GROW WITHOUT ANOTHER GIVING SOME IN SIZE!



BRAINS BEGAN TO SHRINK EVEN AS GENITALIA SWELLED. THE RESULT WAS A DULL-WITTED MUTANT WITH BUT ONE UNQUENCHABLE DESIRE...!



YEARS PASSED, AND EVENTUALLY MEMBERS OF BOTH GROUPS BANDED TOGETHER IN TRIBES. THE DULL-WITTED NEANDERTHAL "HUNGS," FOUND REFUGE IN CAVES AND FORESTS, WHILE THE MORE INTELLIGENT BUT SEXUALLY DEADLY "GLOWS" SEQUESTERED THEMSELVES IN FORTRESS-LIKE CITIES...!



THE FEW WOMEN WHO REMAINED, NATURALLY GRAVITATED TO THE DULL-WITTED "HUNGS"!!



NOT ONLY WAS IT SAFER, BUT IT OFTEN PROVED MORE SEXUALLY FULFILLING!

THE WAR, OF COURSE WAS INEVITABLE! THE "GLOWS" HAD NO WOMEN AND WERE SLOWLY DYING OUT. THEY COULDN'T REPRODUCE BECAUSE NO WOMAN COULD SURVIVE TO CARRY THEIR SEED.

BUT CHILDREN OR NOT... THE DOOMED DEATH-BRINGERS HAD THEIR NEEDS! LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES THEY WOULD HAVE RENDERED THE FAIRER SEX EXTINCT...!



TELL HIM SHE VERY TIRED!
HAVE BUSY TIME LAST NIGHT! DO
NOOKY WITH MANY HUNGS, NOT
LIKE PREVERT GLOWS...DO NOOK
ONE TIME THEN...BOOM!







AND THIS IT WAS...! THE STORY OF HOW PEACE CAME TO THE WORLD OF TOMORROW! WOMANKIND WAS SAVED... AND UNFORTUNATELY, HAD MANY SONS...!



I AM A STARSHIP. I HAVE EXISTED THROUGH MUCH. ALL THAT I AM, ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN, LIES DEEP WITHIN THE MEMORY BANKS OF MY COMPUTERIZED GUIDANCE SYSTEM.

I WAS THE FIRST TO REACH FOR THE GALAXIES, TO TRANSPORT MY PRECIOUS HUMAN CARGO ON THEIR GLORIOUS EXPEDITION TO THE STARS.

NOW, I AM THE LAST MAN-MADE VESSEL TO HURL THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. I AM ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ONCE-PROUD AND PROMISING MANKIND.

MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE THOSE EARLY VOYAGES. I HAVE WITNESSED A THOUSAND MIRACLES. I HAVE ENCOUNTERED CIVILIZATIONS THE LIKE OF WHICH MY CREATORS COULD NEVER HAVE DREAMED. AND I HAVE SEEN THE WONDEROUS SPARK THAT WAS MANKIND SPUTTER AND DIE A TERRIBLE, TORMENTING DEATH!

SCOURGE OF THE SPACEWAY



MANKIND WAS ALWAYS A BOISTEROUS, ROWDY RACE. MEN LONG CONSIDERED THEMSELVES THE MOST UNIQUE CREATURES IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE HOW ACCURATE, HOW TRULY PROPHETIC THEIR MAMMOTH EGOS WERE.

AND YET... IT WAS NOT MAN WHO WAS UNIQUE IN HIS NATURE. IT WAS... WOMAN!

IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION, THERE WAS MUCH DEBATE, MUCH CONCERN FOR THE SAFETY OF WOMEN IN SPACE.

MANY BELIEVED THE GALAXIES FAR TOO DANGEROUS FOR THE FAIRER SEX.



THERE WERE THOSE WHO FELT THE UNKNOWN FRONTIERS OF THE UNIVERSE WERE BEST TAMED BY HALE AND HEARTY MASCULINE SOULS ALONE.

YET, IN THE END, WOMEN AS ALWAYS WON OUT. THEY TOOK THEIR PLACES ALONGSIDE THEIR HEARTIER COUNTERPARTS.

IT WAS, FROM WITHIN THE SAFETY OF MY HALLOWED SHELL THAT THE FIRST WOMAN WAS PROPELLED TOWARDS THE LUSH MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS.

IT IS I WHO AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONTAMINATION OF A UNIVERSE!

OH, THERE YET EXIST THOSE WHO DO NOT BLAME ME FOR THAT WHICH TRANSPRIED UPON WOMAN'S ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS!

BUT THOSE ASSURANT HISTORIANS TEND TO BE PHILOSOPHICAL, ALMOST RELIGIOUS, IN THEIR OUTLOOK. THEY PLACE THE BLAME FOR WHAT OCCURRED ON THE IDEOLOGICAL SUPREME BEING WHO THEY CLAIM CREATED WOMAN IN A MAD MOMENT OF MIRTH!

YOU SEE, BEFORE MAN'S INSANE QUEST TO THE STARS, THE UNIVERSE WAS MUCH LIKE THAT FABLED GARDEN PARADISE, WHICH, THEOLOGIANS WOULD HAVE US BELIEVE, SHELTERED THE VERY FIRST MAN.



BUT THEN, THE GREAT PROVIDER GIFTED THAT INITIAL TRUSTING SOUL WITH THE VERY FIRST WOMAN. AND THE CONTENTMENT OF MANS DOMAIN WAS SHATTERED FOR ALL TIME!

TRUE, MAN TRADED HIS CAREFREE HAPPINESS FOR CERTAIN PHYSICAL REMUNERATIONS. BUT IN THE END, I WONDER IF MEN DIDN'T COME TO CONSIDER THAT ONE-SIDED BARTER AS A KIN TO PURCHASING MANHATTAN ISLAND FOR A HANDFUL OF BEADS!



VENTURING INTO THE GARDENS OF SPACE, MANKIND EXPECTED TO ENCOUNTER ALIEN WORLDS HOUSING CIVILIZATIONS UNLIKE ANY CONCEIVED IN ITS WILDEST IMAGININGS. WHAT HUMANITY DIDN'T COUNT ON, HOWEVER, WAS THAT THOSE CIVILIZATIONS... EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM... WERE COMPRISED OF PARthenogenic... SINGLE-SEXED RACES.

YOU SEE... THERE WERE SIMPLY NO FEMALES ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE... EXCEPT ON EARTH!

AND WHEN THAT VERY FIRST WOMAN EXPOSED HERSELF TO THE STARS... ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!

THE FIRST EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFE MANKIND ENCOUNTERED WAS ON THE SECOND PLANET OF THE STAR SUN ALPHA CENTAURI.

THE PLANET WAS LUSH WITH COLOR. UNIQUE, EXCITING AND SPLENDID. IT WAS EDEN REBORN! A STAR-CHASERS DREAM!

THE FIRST INKLING OF LIFE CAME WHEN THE SCOUT CREW, WHICH CONSISTED OF A BOTANIST, A GEOLOGIST, A SCIENCE OFFICER, THE CAPTAIN AND THE TOKEN FEMALE, STUMBLED UPON A MAMMOTH STATUE OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE A NOBLE ALIEN CARVED FROM THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN.

THE SECOND INKLING CAME SHORTLY THEREAFTER... WHEN AN ALIEN OF NOT-SO-NOBLE VISAGE POUNCED FROM ITS RESTING PLACE IN THE BASE OF THAT MOUNTAIN, ATTACKING THE UNSUSPECTING PARTY.

WHEN THE CREATURE WHISKED UP THE LONE GIRL IN THE GROUP, IT WAS IMMEDIATELY ASSUMED BY ALL PRESENT THAT ITS INTENTIONS WERE MALEVOLENT!

ANCIENT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREHISTORIC SCIENCE FICTION PULPS SPRANG INTO THE MEN'S MINDS. THEY ENVISIONED NASTY, SLIMY, CARNIVEROUS BEASTS DROOLING PUTRID GREEN SLIME ONTO THE NAKED FLESH OF SOME FAIR BEAUTY AS IT CONTEMPLATED UN-SPEAKABLY LUSTFUL DEEDS.

THE BILE OF CHIVALRY ROSE QUICKLY TO THE EXCITED SPACEMEN'S THROATS. RAY GUNS CRACKLED AND THE HEROIC MEN LEAPED BODILY INTO THE FRAY. BUT THE BEAST WAS TOO POWERFUL. IT REPelled THE MEN WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A THOUGHT... AND DEVOTED ITS EVERY ATTENTION TO EXAMINING THE STRANGE BUT SUCCULENT FEMALE CREATURE IN MINUTEST DETAIL!

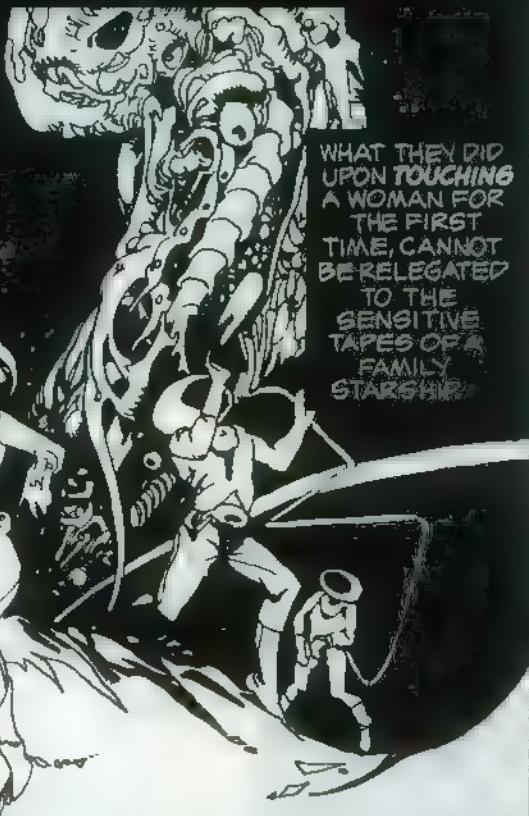


AFTER WHICH IT THEN COMMENCED WITH THE ABOVE-MENTIONED UNSPEAKABLE ACTS!

IT WAS DEDUCED LATER, OF COURSE, THAT THE ALIEN BEAST WAS A RAVING HETERO TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A PARTHENOGENIC MONSTER. EVENTUALLY, THE BEAST WAS RESTRAINED AND THE GIRL RESCUED, ALBEG SOMWHAT RELUCTANTLY. ILL WAGER, HOWEVER, THAT THE POOR CREATURE, HAVING SAMPLED THOSE FIRST WOEFUL TASTES OF FEMININE DELIGHT, WAS NEVER AGAIN THE SAME.

THEY DID BEGIN TO SUSPECT SOMETHING AMISS, HOWEVER, WHEN WITH EACH NEW EXTRATERRESTRIAL ENCOUNTER, THE ALIEN ENTITIES TOOK PARTICULAR INTEREST IN OUR FEMININE "SPACEMEN."

THE BLIND MEMBRANE MEN OF MANGO IV, FOR EXAMPLE, SECRETED MUCOUS-LIKE FLUIDS WHEN MERELY IN THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN FEMALES.



WHAT THEY DID UPON TOUCHING A WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME, CANNOT BE RELEGATED TO THE SENSITIVE TAPES OF A FAMILY STARSHIP.

LITTLE DID MANKIND REALIZE IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF EXPLORATION THAT THEY WOULD ENCOUNTER SPECIES AFTER SPECIES OF UNISEX LIFE. MEN IN THEIR KAVETE HAD NO INKLING THEN THAT A FEMALE VARIATION OF ANY SPECIES WAS A PHENOMENON UNIQUE TO EARTH ALONE.

THEN THERE WERE THE WATERMEN OF AGUA II. AT FIRST, THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE SCOUTSHIP LANDING THERE, BELIEVED THE WATER WORLD TOTALLY DEVOID OF INTELLIGENT LIFE.

NO ONE GAVE THE PLANET A SECOND THOUGHT UNTIL ONE ASTUTE OBSERVER NOTED THE FEMALE CREW MEMBERS SPENDING MORE TIME THAN SEEMED NATURAL WITHIN THE ALIEN WATERS.

THE CREW MEN WERE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE SHEER BLISSFUL EXPRESSIONS OF SPENT ECSTASY BEAMING FROM THE FACES OF THEIR FEMALE COUNTERPARTS, UNTIL ONE UTTERLY EXHAUSTED GIRL CONFESSED ALL!



SHE REVEALED IN RAWEST DETAIL THE INCONCEIVABLE MATING RITUALS OF THE INVISIBLE WATER MEN, WHO COULD OZE THEIR WAY SNUGLY INTO THE TINIEST OF CREVICES!

THEN THERE WERE THE ANT MEN OF LARVA III. THERE WAS NOT A ONE OF THEM MORE THAN SIX INCHES LONG. BUT THE FIRST TIME THEY LAID EYES ON A WOMAN, THE BEGGARS SPIRITED HER AWAY AND CROWNED HER "QUEEN FOR A DAY!"

EXACTLY WHAT TRANSPRIRED WITHIN THE HIVE OF THE VORACIOUS ANT MEN, THE SPENT SPACE CHILD NEVER REVEALED BEFORE SHE WENT AWOL FROM HER SPACE CRUISER SHE KEPT GIGGLING OVER AND OVER... "LOVE THOSE LITTLE STINGERS!"

IT WASN'T UNTIL WORD CIRCULATED ABOUT THE PROBOSCIS MEN OF NOZZLE V, HOWEVER, THAT MANKIND BEGAN TO REALIZE THE AWFUL TRUTH!

THE PROBOSCIS PEOPLE WERE A RACE OF BLIND CREATURES WITH A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF SMELL. THEY SEEMED TO SNIFF THE MUSKY PRESENCE OF A WOMAN THE MOMENT THE FIRST ONE ENTERED THEIR SOLAR SYSTEM. ALTHOUGH SIGHTLESS, THE CREATURES POSSESSED AN UNCANNY INSTINCT FOR THE PURPOSEFUL USES OF THE FEMALE ANATOMY.

THEY TOOK KIDNAPPED AN ALMOST TOO-WILLING SPACE GIRL, AND IN NO TIME AT ALL HAD THE POOR CHILD WORN TO A WEAK FRAGMENT OF HER FORMER SELF.

A BOLD SCIENTIST DARED TO HYPOTHESIZE AT THAT POINT THAT THE LARGE NUMBER OF PARTHENOGENIC CIVILIZATIONS ENCOUNTERED THUS FAR IN MAN'S BLIND CLIMB TO THE STARS, INDICATED A TOTALLY UNISEXED UNIVERSE!



THE AWESOME FACT THAT NOWHERE WAS A FEMALE IN ANY SPECIES TO BE FOUND, EXCEPT ON EARTH, HE SPECULATED INDICATED A PROFOUND SENSE OF HUMOR ON THE PART OF THE UNIVERSE'S CREATOR! AND OUR TERRAN BROTHERS, UNFORTUNATELY WERE THE BRUNT OF THE JOKE!

AFTER THAT FIRST BOLD THEORUM, SCIENTISTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO VENTURE OTHER SPECULATIONS... EQUALLY AS DARING.

THE HIGH PERCENTILE OF SIGHTLESS RACES, ONE RECKLESSLY THEORIZED BORE SOME EVIDENCE THAT THERE WAS TRUTH IN THAT ANCIENT EARTH ADAGE LONG-USED BY MOTHERS TO DISCOURAGE THEIR MALE OFFSPRING FROM SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE SELF-ABUSE!

AND YET, AS CAN BE EXPECTED, ONCE WORD LEAKED OUT THAT THE WOMEN OF EARTH WERE THE ONLY FEMALE CREATURES IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, THERE WERE FAR GRAVER PROBLEMS THAN THOSE POSED BY SPECULATIVE SCIENTISTS.

THE SIGHTLESS JUNK MEN OF CORRODE IV, FOR EXAMPLE, DEMANDED THAT AN EQUAL QUOTA OF WOMAN BE DIVIDED AMONG ALL THE INHABITED PLANETS OF THE COSMOS.



THE DEMANDS, OF COURSE, WERE TOTALLY UNREASONABLE FOR EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SHIP ONE OF EARTH'S TEN BILLION ODD FEMALES TO EACH OF THE APPROXIMATELY TEN TRILLION INHABITED STARS, THE RATIO OF WOMEN TO EXTRATERRESTRIALS WOULD PRECLUDE ANY FUNCTIONAL ADVANTAGE WHATSOEVER!

AND YET, OTHER RACES ECHOED THE IMPOSSIBLE CRY VOICED BY THE OUTRAGED JUNK MEN!



AND BECAUSE THE DEMANDS FOR EARTH'S GREATEST RESOURCE FAR EXCEEDED THE AVAILABLE SUPPLY, THE ONCE-PEACEFUL UNIVERSE WAS, WITHIN A MONTH, HURLED INTO A FULL-SCALE CATASTOMIC... WAR!



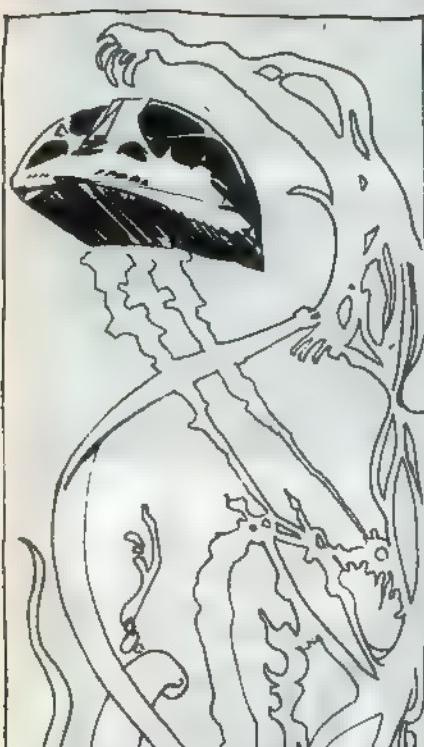
EVERWHERE, ALIEN BATTLED HUMAN FOR POSSESSION OF THE CONSUMMATE PRIZE... WOMAN. NOWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE WAS THE FAIRER SEX TO BE SPARED THE GHASTLY INDIGNITIES THAT AWAITED HER AT THE LUSTING, SWEATING HANDS AND/OR TENTACLES OF THOSE WHO DESIRED HER SUCCULENT FLESH!

THERE WERE THOSE WOMEN OF COURSE, WHO SAVORED EVERY DELIGHTFUL MOMENT. THE OBESE. THE SKINNY. THE PIMPLY, THE DEFORMED. BUT THERE WERE THOSE TOO, WHO WERE EITHER TOO OLD OR TOO WEARY TO APPRECIATE THE DUBIOUS HONOR BEING HEAPED UPON THEM IN THE BOUDOIRS OF THE GALAXY.

ALMOST EVERY WOMAN UNDER EIGHTY WAS FAIR GAME. THOSE OVER EIGHTY CURSED THEIR FATES DAILY.



BUT EVEN THOSE WOMEN SPIRITED-OFF BY THESE MERCENARY PROFITEERS, WERE NOT SAFE FROM THE INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITES OF NEWLY-HETEROSEXUAL ALIENS!



AS IN ALL WARS, THERE WAS THE MAMMOTH UNDERGROUND BLACK MARKET NETWORK WHICH VIRTUALLY SPRANG INTO EXISTENCE OVERNIGHT. IT DEALT IN ONLY ONE SOUGHT-AFTER COMMODITY, AND WAS CONTROLLED BY PROFIT-HUNGRY MEN, WHO FOR THE MOST PART WERE ALL CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT!

THERE WERE ALWAYS THOSE PHENOMINAL EXTRATERRESTRIALS WHO, ALTHOUGH BLIND, COULD VIRTUALLY SNIFF A WOMAN'S PRESENCE A DOZEN LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

ONCE THE WAR WAS IN FULL-SCALE ESCALATION, THERE WAS, NATURALLY, NO ALTERNATIVE FOR EARTH'S GALACTIC OFFICIALS BUT TO RECALL ALL SHIPS WITH FEMALE PERSONNEL IMMEDIATELY.

I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OUT, AND CONSEQUENTLY ONE OF THE FARDEST FROM HOME WHEN THE FIGHTING BEGAN.

WORD OF THE GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMANKIND WAS LATE IN REACHING MY OFFICERS AND CREW, YET, THE CONSEQUENCES WERE NO LESS DEVASTATING THAN TO COUNTLESS OTHER BATTLE-SCARRED WORLDS.

ALL WAS RELATIVELY PEACEFUL UNTIL ONE STARRY-EYED MATHEMATICIAN COMPUTED THE ACTUAL RATIO OF WOMAN TO INTELLIGENT INHABITANTS OF THE GALAXY. THE FIGURE WAS SOMETHING AKAH TO SIX TRILLION FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN BILLION... TO ONE!

WHEN ASKED TO COMPUTE THE ODDS OF EARTH WINNING AN INTER-GALACTIC WAR AGAINST THE COMBINED MIGHT OF ALL OTHER INTERPLANETARY FORCES, THAT SAME MATHEMATICIAN ONLY SHRUGGED IN ABJECT DEFEAT!

THE UTTER FUTILITY OF SUCH A WAR BECAME EVIDENT TO MY CREW IMMEDIATELY, AND THEY COMMENCED THEIR OWN BATTLE FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF THE LONE FEMALE INHABITING MY DECKS.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE SIGHT TO BEHOLD, MEN EMBEDDING MACHINERY IN THE SKULLS OF FELLOW MEN, LIMBS OF DEAD MEN UTILIZED TO BLUDGEON THEIR FELLOWS TO DEATH, BLASTERS INCINERATING ONCE-BOLD AND DARING MEN UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS THEIR CHAKRED OUTLINE ON MY INNER HULL.

ONCE-RATIONAL HUMAN BEINGS WERE LIKE ANIMALS DESTROYING EACH OTHER SO THEY ALONE COULD CLAIM THE SEDUCTIVE, PERFUMED PRIZE!

AND WHEN THERE WAS BUT ONE MAN LEFT STANDING, THAT LONE, EXHAUSTED BEATEN INDIVIDUAL, HIMSELF EMBRACING DEATH, REACHED LECHEROUSLY FOR HIS BEAUTY, AND MANAGED ONLY A VERY FAINT TWINKLE IN HIS EYE BEFORE COLLAPSING DEAD AWAY!

IT WAS AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, WITH NO ONE TO MAN MY MISGUIDED CONTROLS, THAT I BEGAN CAREENING TOWARDS CERTAIN DEVASTATION... STRAIGHT FOR A GARGANTUAN PLANET DEAD IN MY PATH!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE QUICK-THINKING OF THE GIANT INO MEN INHABITING THAT PLANET, I WOULD DOUBTLESSLY BE AN INTEGRAL BUT INDECORATE PART OF THEIR TERRAIN.

THE BENEVOLENT ALIENS UTILIZING THEIR ADVANCED SCIENCES GUIDED ME TO A LANDING DOCK AND MUCH WELCOMED SAFETY!

INDEED, WHILE THE PHILANTHROPIC CREATURES APPRECIATED BEAUTY AS MUCH AS THE NEXT FELLOW, THEY WERE FAR TOO HUGE TO SUCCUMB TO THE SEDUCTIVE SPELL OF WOMANKIND.

EVEN THE MUCH SMALLER INFANT INO MEN WERE FAR TOO MAMMOTH TO BE ACCOMMODATED BY A MERE GIRL!



UNLIKE OTHER PARTHENOGENIC CREATURES, THE INO MEN WERE NOT, DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF MY TANTALIZING FEMALE CARGO, MOTIVATED IN THEIR ACTIONS BY OVERLY-ACTIVE MALE GLANDS.



PERHAPS IT WAS GOD'S WAY OF SMILING UPON THE INO MEN, FOR IT WAS THEY ALONE, UNABLE TO TOUCH THE ACCURSED SCOURGE OF THE STARS, AS WOMEN CAME TO BE KNOWN, WHO WERE SPARED THE EVENTUAL SUFFERING BROUGHT ABOUT BY THEIR BITTERSWEET PRESENCE!



THE INTER-GALACTIC WAR FOR WOMEN HAD BEEN RAGING A FULL SIX MONTHS WHEN THE INTER-GALACTIC PLAGUE BROKE OUT.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, HOWEVER, FOR QUICK-WITTED SCIENTISTS TO DISCOVER THAT THE PLAGUE WAS RAMPANT NOT IN THE BLOOD-DRENCHED, WAR-TORN BATTLE-ZONES...

...INSTEAD THE DREAD DISEASE PROLIFERATED IN THOSE AREAS WITH THE HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF... WOMEN!

FURTHER, THE PLAGUE STARTED NOT IN THE USUAL MANNER WITH BLOATED BELIES AND HEAVY VOMITING...BUT BEGAN IN THOSE CERTAIN LOCATIONS OF THE MASCULINE ANATOMY LONG-RESERVED FOR THE MOST PRIVATE AND PRIVILEGED BODY FUNCTIONS.



AT FIRST, IT WAS THOUGHT THAT THE ABUNDANCE OF DECAYING CORPSES THROUGHOUT THE COSMOS TRIGGERED THE OUTBREAK OF PLAGUE.



NO MATTER WHICH RACE THE PLAGUE STRUCK DOWN, THE SYMPTOMS WERE INvariably THE SAME. FIRST CAME THE HORRIBLE, MUSTY, DEHUMANIZING STENCH, EMANATING FROM THE MIDDLE TO LOWER REGIONS OF THE ANATOMY. THEN... DECAY SET IN... AND THE HELPLESSNESS OF HAVING TO WATCH AS SELECT PORTIONS OF THE ANATOMICAL FORM SLOWLY ROTTED AWAY!

THEN... THEN WOULD COME THE MOST TERRIFYING MOMENT OF ALL... WHEN THAT PORTION OF THE MALE FORM WOULD DROP OFF, LEAVING ITS VICTIM A WRETCHED, EMASCU-LATED FRAGMENT OF HIS FORMER SELF!



IT DIDN'T TAKE SCIENCE LONG TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL CAUSE OF THE DREAD PLAGUE. MICROSCOPIC BACTERIA, RESEMBLING MINIATURIZED VERSIONS OF THE METAL MUNCHERS OF MUNGO, WERE FOUND SECRETED AWAY DEEP WITHIN THE MOST DELICATE CREVICES OF THE FEMALE STRUCTURE.

THOSE BACTERIA, LIKE TINY MILITIAMEN, ACTING AS EARTH'S FINAL DEFENSE, ATTACKED AND DESTROYED ANY AND ALL ALIEN OBJECTS VIOLATING THE SACRED HONOR OF EARTHLING WOMEN!

IN THE SPAN OF ONE SHORT MONTH, INTER-GALACTIC OFFICIALS WHO HAD BEEN HAILING WOMEN AS THE GREATEST CURE FOR BLINDNESS THIS SIDE OF JESUS CHRIST, NOW DENOUNCED THE FAIRER SEX AS THE ROTTEN APPLE... THE VENEMOUS SERPENT... THE TAINTED EVE SENT TO DESTROY THEIR EDEN!

IN ESSENCE... COURTING THE UNPURE FEMALE, THEY CLAIMED, WAS LIKE BEING LED TO THE ALTAR OF DEATH!



OF COURSE, BY THE TIME THE QUICK-ACTING SCIENTISTS SENT NEWS OF THEIR DISCOVERY THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, THE HORRIBLE "MUNCHING CRAB PLAGUE" AS IT WAS CHRISTENED, HAD ALREADY DESTROYED MORE WORLDS THAN THE AVERAGE BLACK HOLE DECIMATES IN A MILLENIUM.



NECESSARILY TO SAY, A TRUCE WAS CALLED WHICH ENDED ALL ARMED CONFLICT AND BROUGHT A SWIFT END TO THAT FIRST BLOODY INTER-GALACTIC WAR.

NO CREATURE OF ANY PLANET WAS ANXIOUS TO CAVORT WITH THE DEADLY FEMALES OF EARTH, SO, AS SUDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE REASON FOR HOSTILITIES CEASED.



OF COURSE, THE OLD EARTH HADN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT WAR. WHAT'S LEFT OF ITS NEAR-LIFELESS, BODY-STREWN BATTLE GROUND IS ALMOST TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF SUPPORTING INTELLIGENT LIFE.

OH, THERE'S A COUPLE OF MILLION PEOPLE OR SO ON IT, HALF OF WHICH ARE FEMALE, BUT ALMOST DAILY YOU'LL HEAR A HORRENDOUS STOMACH-CHURNING SCREAM, THEN THERE IS AN AWESOME SILENCE... BEFORE THE HEARTBREAKING SOUND OF A DECAYING PIECE OF MANHOOD CAN BE HEARD THUDDING TO THE GROUND!



YOU SEE, THE HORRIBLE COSMIC PLAGUE AFFECTED NOT ONLY ALIEN LIFE, THOSE MALICIOUS MUNCHING BUGS SAW MALE MANKIND AS FAIR GAME, AS WELL.

EARTH'S CONSIDERED A DEATH-WORLD NOW, STAR-CHARTING RACES AVOID THAT SECTOR OF SPACE AT ALL COSTS.



FOR THE ROMANTICISTS OF THE GALAXY, THE BITTERSWEET MEMORIES OF SUCCULENT FEMININE FLESH LINGER ON, BUT ALL RACES MUST LIVE WITH THE TERRIBLE REALITY THAT NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY PARTAKE IN THE ECSTATIC HETEROSEXUAL PLEASURES THAT FOR A BRIEF TIME, MADE A HEAVEN OF THE HEAVENS!

THE MOST PLEASANT FACT I IMAGINE IS THAT THE UNIVERSE IS AGAIN AT PEACE... A BEAUTIFUL, PURE GARDEN WITH NO WOMEN TO TAINT ITS UNPARALLELED LOVELINESS.

OH, SURE... YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT AN OCCASIONAL SCREAMING SUICIDE MISSION TO EARTH WHERE SOME CRAZED ALIEN WITH A DEATH WISH WANTS ONLY TO GO OUT WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE!

AND THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO COMPLAIN THAT SINCE THE WOMEN HAVE GONE, INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE COSMOS IS AGAIN GOING BLIND!

BUT SOMEHOW, IT SEEMS MORE NATURAL THIS WAY, ONE SEX... FOR ONE UNIVERSE.

I ONLY WISH THOSE DAMNED EARTH MEN WOULD'VE CHRISTENED ME WITH A MORE MASCULINE-SOUNDING NAME!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BUNKY? LIFE GOT YOU DOWN?

IS THE LITTLE WOMAN SAGGING IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES AND BULGING IN ALL THE WRONG ONES?

DOES THAT HUMDRUM, NOWHERE JOB HAVE YOU CRYING YOURSELF TO SLEEP NIGHTS?

ARE THE BILL COLLECTORS MAIMING EACH OTHER IN THEIR MAD RUSH TO BE FIRST AT YOUR DOOR?

IF LIFE IS SLOWLY EATING AT YOUR SANITY, YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW... WE HAVE THE ANSWER!

ACT NOW... AND YOUR PROBLEMS WILL SOON BE OVER, WITH THE...

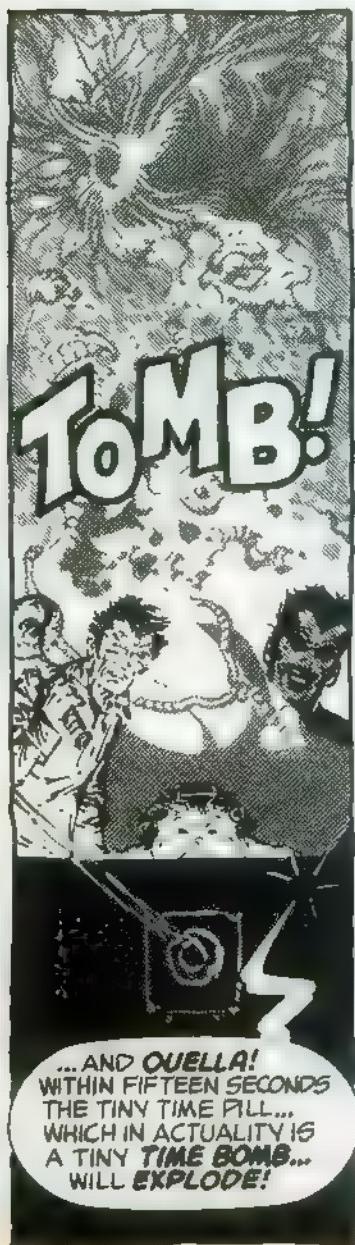
THIS LIMITED TIME OFFER HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY THE RECENT SUPREME COURT RULING STATING THAT ONCE AGAIN YOUR LIFE IS YOUR OWN...! YOU CAN FREELY DO UNTO YOURSELF AS YOU PLEASE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE, IT IS POSSIBLE TO END YOUR OWN MISERABLE EXISTENCE WITHOUT VIOLATING UNCONSTITUTIONAL, MAN-MADE LAWS!

NOW... THANKS TO GOVERNMENT HINDSIGHT, YOU CAN BE THE FIRST, ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE A WORRY-FREE SUICIDE!

AND YOU CAN DO IT ALL WITH ONE OF OUR SPECIAL DO-IT YOURSELF KITS!

DO-SURE-FIRE- QUICK-CARNAGE SELF-DECIMATION KIT!



**YES! NOW YOU CAN
TAKE DESTINY OUT OF FATE'S
FICKLE HANDS. YOU ALONE
CAN DECIDE HOW AND WHEN
YOU'LL GO!**

**DIE IN
DIGNITY! DIE
WITH FLAIR!
CHOOSE YOUR
WAY OUT!**

**SELECT ONE OF OUR
SURE-FIRE, QUICK-
CARNAGE, SELF-
DECIMATION KITS,
RANGING IN PRICE
FROM \$19.95 FOR
THE EASY DO-IT-
YOURSELF BEGINNER'S
KIT...**

**WHY LEAVE YOUR DEMISE
TO THE WHIM OF AN ILLITERATE
LATINO MUGGER?**

**WHY BE MOWED DOWN
IN YOUR PRIME BY THAT
INEBRIATED IGNOBLE WHO
FAILS TO STOP WHEN YOU
HAVE THE RIGHT-OF-WAY?**

**WHY LINGER AT THE
MERCY OF HOSPITALS,
DOCTORS AND PILLS
WHICH CAN KEEP YOU
SUFFERING
INDEFINITELY?**

EACH KIT COMES COMPLETE WITH:

• FULL INSTRUCTION MANUAL

**• ONE SUPER COLOSSAL PAIN-KILLER PILL
(TO MAKE YOUR PASSING A PLEASANT, SENSELESS
AFFAIR) • SYRINGE AND NEEDLE FOR THAT
ONE SHOT OF ADRENALIN YOU'LL NEED FOR AN
EFFECTIVE PASSING. • HANDY DO-IT-YOURSELF
READY-NOTARIZED WILL • AND A PREPARED, FILL-
IN-THE-BLANKS SUICIDE NOTE FOR THOSE IN
AN EXTRA-SPECIAL HURRY TO MEET THEIR MAKER!**

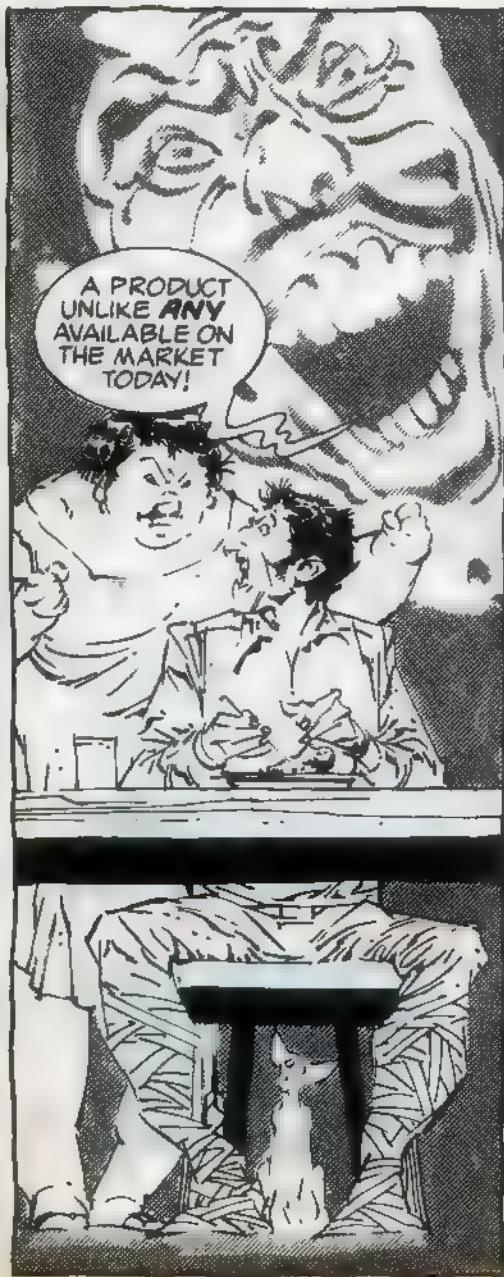
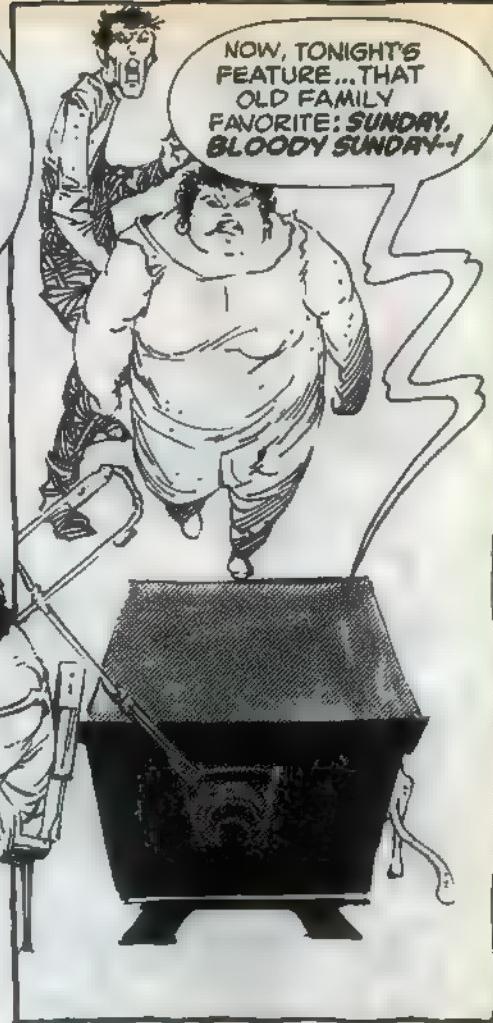
**...TO OUR
\$39.95.00 MORE
ELABORATE
"YOU ONLY GO
ONCE" DELUXE
BOXED SET!**

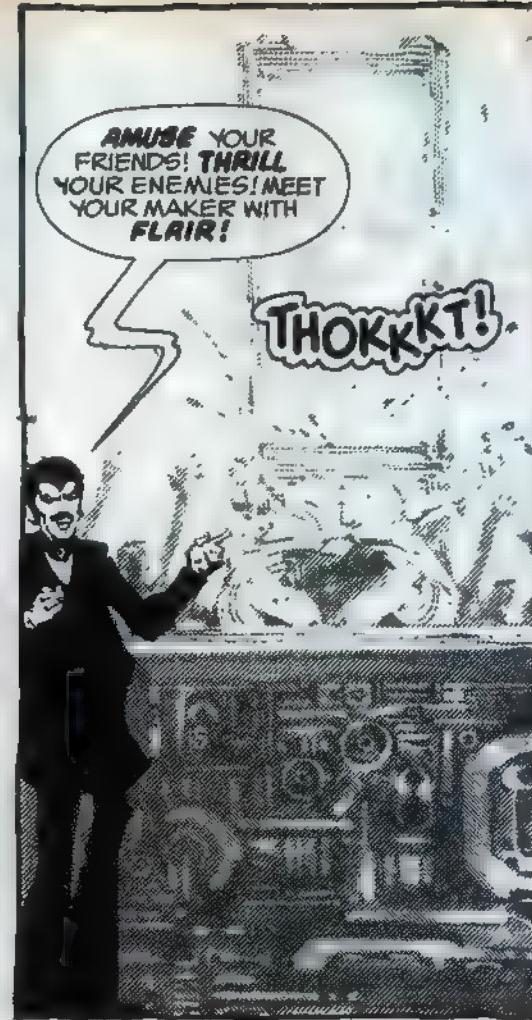
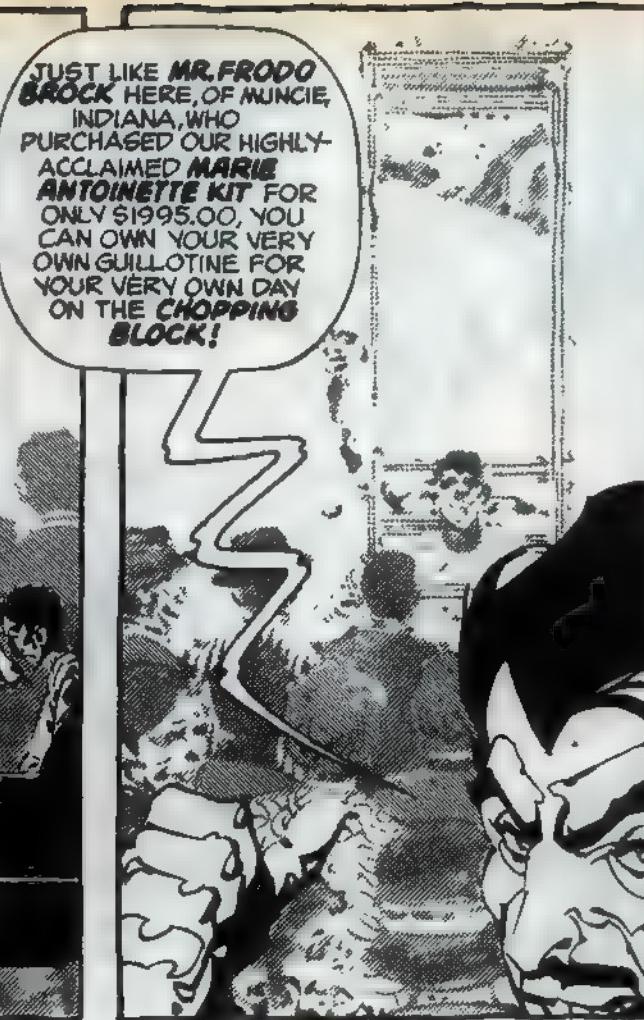
**NO MATTER WHICH
KIT YOU CHOOSE, YOU'LL
RECEIVE THE NECESSARY
EQUIPMENT TO DO A THOROUGH,
COMPETENT JOB!**

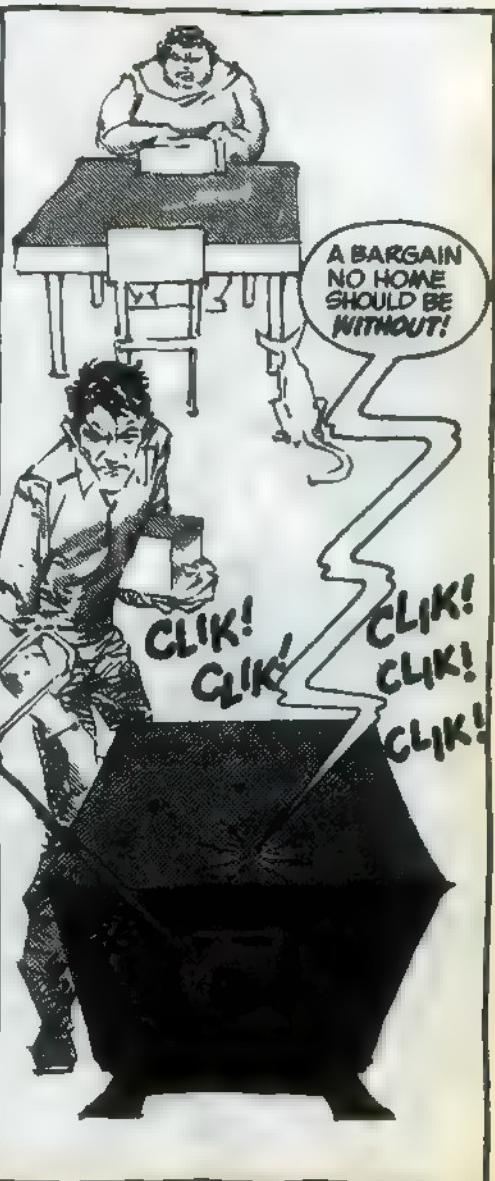
**WITH OUR DELUXE
KIT, YOU ALSO RECEIVE
SPECIAL VIDEO TAPE
EQUIPMENT TO
IMMORTALIZE YOUR
DEATH FOR THE
POSTERITY OF FUTURE
GENERATIONS!**



KIT





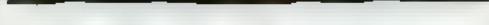




THERE ARE EVER SO MANY WAYS FOR THE SURE-FIRE, QUICK-CARNAGE SELF-DECIMATION KIT TO HELP YOU!



JUST LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE FOR KATIE QUINLAN, COMATOSE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. HER CONCERNED PARENTS HAD THE FORESIGHT TO PURCHASE OUR SPECIAL RELATIVITY KIT!



AFTER INITIAL INSTALLATION, KATIE HAD BUT TO BLINK HER EYES TO OBLITERATE THE MACHINES THAT KEPT HER ALIVE FOR SO LONG...



PLOOOOM!



...THE MACHINES THAT, IN ESSENCE, HAD BECOME A VIRTUAL PART OF HER!



AND TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, MR. AND MRS. EMILIO RAMIREZ OF BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK.



THEY PURCHASED OUR JULIUS AND ETHEL ROSENBERG SPECIAL, THE KIT THAT WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE RUSSIAN Y2 SKYWRIGHTING ROCKETS!

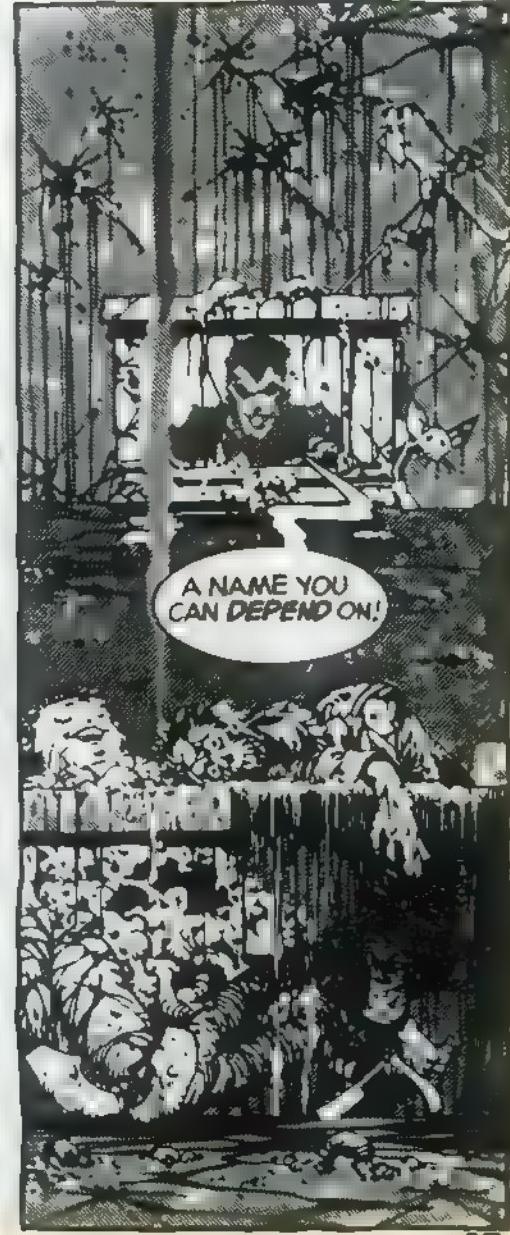
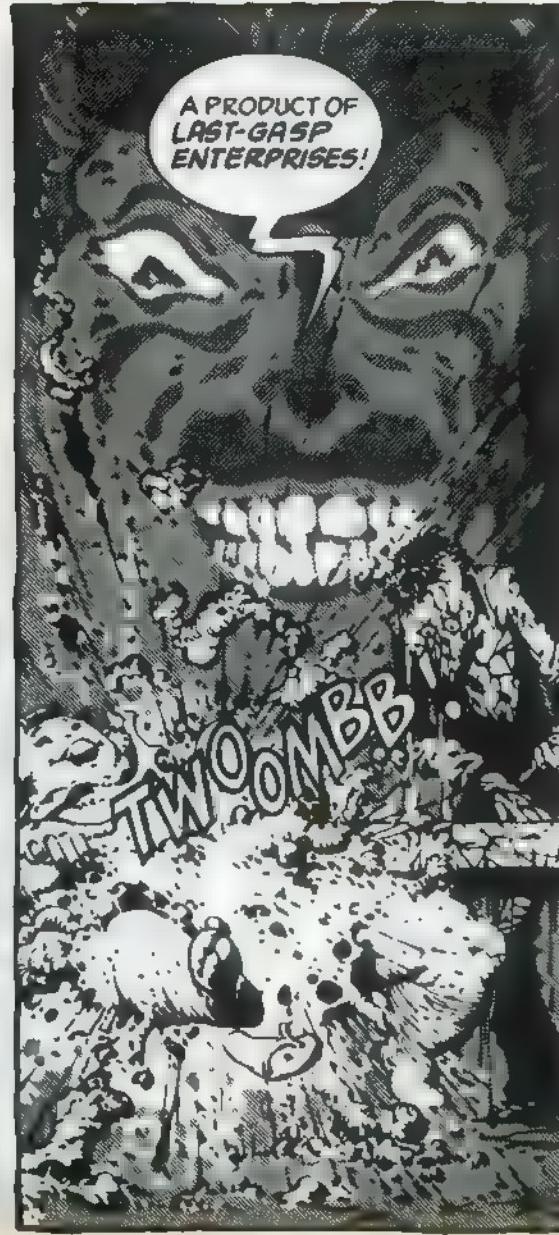


WHOOMM!

FOR ONLY \$39.95, IT LEAVES BEHIND ANY MESSAGE OF YOUR OWN COMPOSITION!

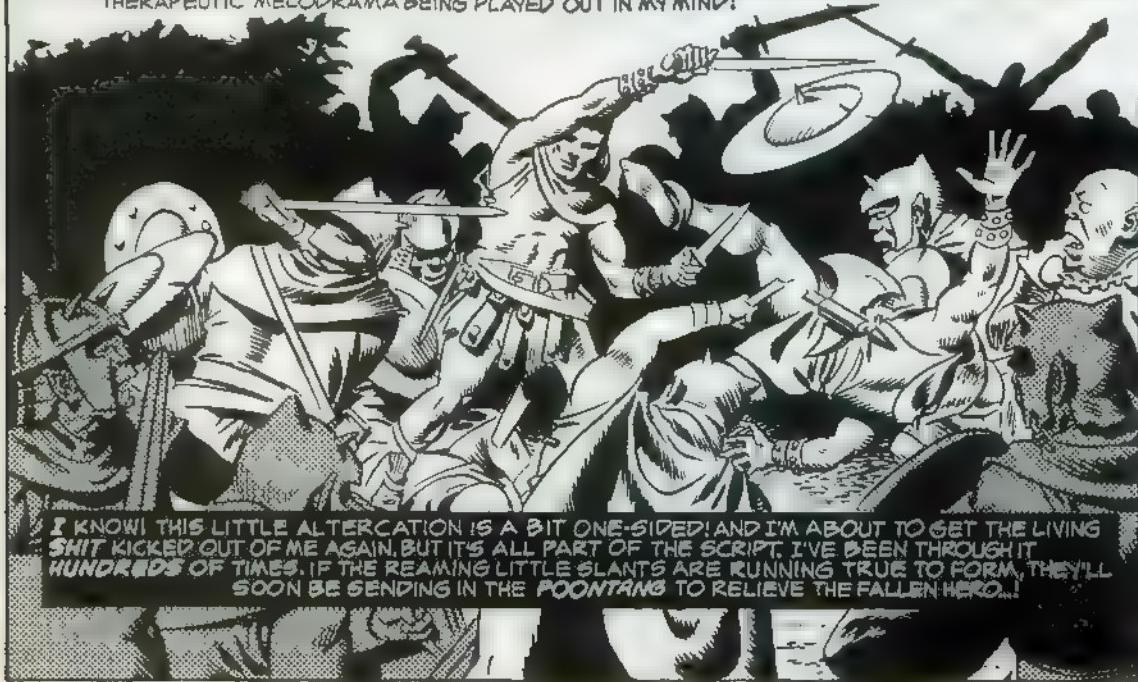


TRULY UNFORGETTABLE, FOLKS...! YOUR LAST DYING WORDS IN VIVID, SQUIRMING COLOR!



HEY MAN! QUIT STARIN'! WILL YA! YOU'LL GIVE A GUY A COMPLEX! LOOK... I T'S NOT MY FAULT I'M STRETCHED OUT WITH MY PUBES FLAPPING IN THE BREEZE! IT'S THESE LOUSY JAPS! THEY'RE THE ONES BEHIND THIS!

OH SHIT! WAIT! HEY... I DIDN'T MEAN IT! CHRIST! HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OF THEIR MENTAL "TURN-ONS!" Y'SEE THAT PUD IN THE PRINCE VALIUM BOB? WELL... THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME! THOSE UGLY D PSTICKS POSING AS OGRES... THEY'RE THE DEMONS OF MY MIND, WITH WHOM I AM SUPPOSED TO COME TO GRIPS. DON'T WORRY THOUGH! I'M INSANE, Y SEE... AND THIS IS SUPPOSEDLY THERAPEUTIC MELODRAMA BEING PLAYED OUT IN MY MIND!



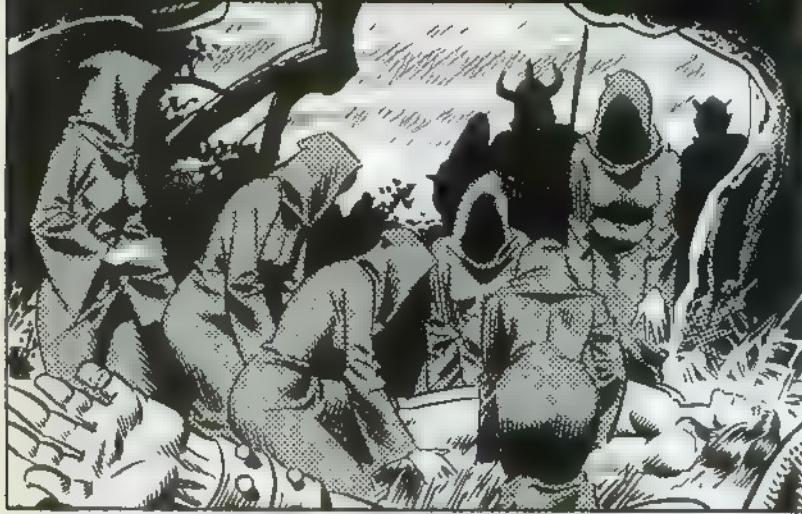
I KNOW THIS LITTLE ALTERCATION IS A BIT ONE-SIDED! AND I'M ABOUT TO GET THE LIVING SHIT KICKED OUT OF ME AGAIN, BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE SCRIPT. I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES. IF THE REAMING LITTLE SLANTS ARE RUNNING TRUE TO FORM, THEY'LL SOON BE SENDING IN THE POONTANG TO RELIEVE THE FALLEN HERO...

AH, YES... THERE THEY ARE NOW! RIGHT ON CUE! JUST AS MY LIGHTS ARE ABOUT TO BE PUT OUT!



AGGGHH! I HATE THIS PART... WHERE THEY HACK AND CUT ON ME! THEY ALWAYS GO BELOW THE BELT. IT'S AS IF THEY KNOW THAT I DREAD THAT MOST!

NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY TO CHANGE THEIR DAMNABLE SCENARIO, THE OUTCOME IS INvariably THE SAME! I FALL... ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH, ENDURING THE AGONIES OF HELL! THEN COMES THE PLEASURE... ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME OVER THE EDGE!



I REALLY HATE IT WHEN THEY DRAG THEIR TONGUES ACROSS MY BODY! OH GOD... CAN YOU FEEL IT...? SIX EROTIC PROBES, WORKING IN FLAWLESS UNISON...! FIDDLE, PLAYING, MANIPULATING ME LIKE A FINELY-TUNED INSTRUMENT! BUT ONLY TO THE DRINK... AND THEN THEY STOP! OH GOD... THAT'S WHERE THEY LEAVE ME! DANGLING! NEVER... NEVER DO THEY LET ME FLY!

SOMETIMES I THINK THEY'RE TRYING TO TORTURE ME... INSTEAD OF MAKING ME WELL!



ONE NIGHT DOWN ON THE FUNNY FARM!

ONE THING ABOUT THESE SQUINTS, THEY DON'T GIVE YOU TIME TO RECOVER FROM ONE OF THEIR ESOTERIC ESCAPADES BEFORE THEY THROW YOU SMACK DAB INTO ANOTHER!

AH, YES! I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE! THEY'VE USED THIS TOOLING LITTLE BLONDE SO OFTEN THAT I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE I KNOW HER! THEY LET ME GET SO CLOSE TO THAT SWEET MEATBOX THAT I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT! BUT ALWAYS THEY YANK IT AWAY!

ROTTEN SLIMING JAR! NO MATTER WHAT I SAY... NO MATTER WHAT I DO... IT HAS NO EFFECT ON THEIR RUTTING SCENARIO... THEY MANIPULATE ME LIKE A LIMPING DOLL!

MY LORD! YOUR BROTHER'S CASTLE IS BESIEGED! HE CALLS FOR YOUR AID!

WAR! WAR!
ALL THE TIME
WAR! CAN'T A FELLA GET A LITTLE PIECE?

YOU MUST GO, MY LOVE.
OR YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF IN THE MORNING.

I HATE MYSELF NOW!
MAYBE WE CAN SNEAKIN'
A QUICKIE, HUH!

I KNOW WHAT THEIR GAME IS!
I'VE SEEN IT IN A MILLION B-GRADE FILMS! THEY DIVERT ME, KIDNAP THE GIRL, THEN WAIT FOR ME TO DELIVER MYSELF INTO THEIR HANDS... READY TO GIVE UP MY LIFE TO SAVE HER!

SHIT! I COULD HAVE WRITTEN IT WITH MUCH MORE FLAIR WITH ONE HAND NAILED TO MY TYPEWRITER! THIS LITTLE PROGRAMMER THEY'VE GOT WIRED TO MY HEAD SPILLS OUT MORE HACKNEYED PLOPS THAN I COULD CONCOCT IN A LIFETIME!

RETURN TO ME SAFELY,
MY LOVE! TOGETHER WE SHALL OUTSHINE THE STARS!

AHA! AT LAST YOU'RE ALONE!

YOU...! THE CRAZED BIRDMAN! THIS IS ONE OF YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEMES!?

AND THE EXPECT THESE TO HELP ME...? THESE PSYCHO-DRAMAS, AS THEY CALL THEM! MAN, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT I NEED HELP...! BUT THE LAST THING I NEED ARE MORE OVER-WORKED FANTASIES...!

NAIVE CHILD! I'M JUST A MESSENGER, SENT HERE TO FETCH YOU FOR MY MASTER!

THEY SENT ME TO THIS BUGHOUSE BECAUSE I STARTED CLIMBING THE WALLS! OKAY, I ADMIT IT! MY MIND TOOK THE FIRST BANANA BOAT TO JUPITER!

MY WORK GOT TO ME, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, BUT THEN WHO WOULDN'T GO SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKERS HAVING TO CHURN OUT SHITLOAD AFTER SHITLOAD OF SCRIPTS FOR NETWORK TV?

MY LORD MENDICANT HAS NEED OF YOU.

YEAH...! THAT'S WHAT I DID IN THE REAL WORLD! KOJAK! BARETTA! LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY! MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN, THAT'S ME!



I MAKE NO EXCUSES FOR MY ACTIONS. I WROTE THE STUFF, MY MOTIVE WAS PURE AND SIMPLE... AND GREEN! I CHURNED OUT IDIOTY FOR THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, PEDDLING MENTAL MASTURBATION TO THE MASSES WAS MY GAME!



IT'S KIND OF POETIC JUSTICE THAT THAT WHICH I SHOVED UPON OTHERS IS NOW BEING BLATANTLY HEAVED UPON ME! OF COURSE, IT ISN'T THE SAME. THE LITTLE SLOPES DON'T HAVE NEARLY MY OLD FLAIR.



IN MY PRIME I WHIPPED OUT FIVE TO SIX TELEPLAYS PER WEEK. I COULD HAVE DONE MORE, BUT IT WAS LIKE CEREBRAL MENSTRATION...! I NEEDED AT LEAST SIX DAYS TO REST!



THE SECRET WAS MORE IN WHAT I DIDN'T SHOW IN MY SCRIPTS THAN THAT WHICH APPEARED ON THE SCREEN. I LEARNED EARLY ON THAT GROANS HEARD OFF-CAMERA, DEPENDING ON THEIR LENGTH, INTENSITY AND VOLUME, COULD INDICATE EVERYTHING FROM THE MOST PROFOUND EROTIC PLEASURE TO THE MOST BRUTAL AND BLOODY OF DEATH!



CONSEQUENTLY, MY STORIES HAD A LOT OF INEXPENSIVE STUDIO FOOTAGE, MATTED AGAINST AN EXHAUSTING ARRAY OF CANNED MOANS AND GROANS!

THE NETWORKS REVERED ME FOR MY FRUGALITY, WHILE THE AUDIENCE LOVED ME FOR MY MIND. I WAS A PRIME TIME HIT, REGULARLY PULLING A \$5. SHARE!

WHAT MADE ME SO POPULAR WAS NOT THE FACT THAT I COULD CRANK OUT MINDLESS PAP. HELL...! THE NETWORKS HAD BEEN DOING THAT FOR YEARS!

NO...! WHAT I GAVE THEM WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT... SOMETHING UNIQUE. IN ALL OF TELEVISION HISTORY, I FED THE MASSES EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED... THE CUSTOMARY IDIOTY SATURATED WITH SEX AND GORE!

AND WONDER OF IT ALL... I DID IT ALL WITH THE GRANDEST SUBTLETY... IN A WAY THAT HAD THE RUBES LITERALLY SCREAMING FOR MORE!

OOPS! HEY! WHERE'D THE PICTURE GO? IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE CHANGING REELS! GUESS EVEN THE BIG HOUSE HAS ITS VIDEO DIFFICULTIES. YEAH I KNOW... PLEASE STAND BY!

HERE WE GO!
SOMETIMES IT TAKES
THEM AWHILE TO
CHANGE THESE
SCENES, AS IF THEY
HAVE TO BUILD NEW
PROPS OR
SOMETHING! HA!

AH! THERE'S THAT
BLONDE AGAIN! I
GUESS IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO SAVE
HER. DON'T KNOW
WHY THEY'VE
STRIPPED ME TO
MY BIRTHDAY
SUIT. INTERESTING,
THOUGH, HOW
THEY NEVER
SHOW MY MORE
MASCULINE
AT TRIBUTES, LIKE
THEY'RE CENSOR-
ING THE TRANS-
MISSION... PROTECT-
ING ME FROM THE
RAMPANT PORN-
OGRAPHY LURKING
IN THE RECESSSES
OF MY BRAIN.

ANYWAY... WHERE
WAS I? OH YEAH--!
TELLING YOU ABOUT MY
FAIRY TALE CAREER.
I BECAME THE
WONDER BOY OF THE
BOOB TUBE, EVERY-
THING I TOUCHED
TURNED TO GOLD.

THE NETWORKS WERE
CLAMORING FOR
MORE... MORE OF MY
STORIES. THEY WANTED
ME TO WRITE
EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!



ABC OFFERED ME WEALTH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS. NBC
PROMISED ILLICIT BUT WONDERFUL ACTS PERFORMED UPON MY
BODY BY NO LESS THAN FREDDIE SILVERMAN, BILL PALEY
OFFERED ME CBS... AND PROMISED TO THROW IN MANHATTAN
ISLAND TO BOOT!



I HAD WOMEN AND MONEY AND FAME
AND POWER... I ALSO HAD THE NEW
MR. T. AND TINA, SON OF HOLMES
AND YO-YO AND LASSIE'S MISTAKE
CONSISTENTLY PULLING A 75% SHARE!

THEN ONE DAY IT ALL TURNED SOUR! I
SAT AT MY TYPEWRITER... AND NOTHING
CAME! NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED,
THE PABLUM WOULDN'T FLOW...! THE
SEX, THE VIOLENCE, THE PRIME TIME
MEDIOCRITY. IT WAS ALL... GONE WITH
THE WIND!



IT'S AS IF SOME GREAT MENTAL FUSE HAD BLOWN...
BURNED OUT FROM OVERWORK! MY MIND WAS AMONG
SEA OF FUZZ... LIKE A TV TUBE ON THE FRIZZ!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE DEADLINES PILED
HIGH AROUND ME. THE NETWORKS CLAMORED
FOR THEIR SCRIPTS, EVEN FREDDIE
THREATENED TO LEAVE ME. THE PRESSURE
WAS ABDOMINAL. NO MERE HUMAN COULD
TAKE IT! MY MIND WENT KABLOOIE! AND THEY
FOUND ME SCOTCH APED TO THE CEILING!

THEY SENT ME TO THE FINEST REST HOMES IN THE STATES. ALL THREE NETWORKS, NO DOUBT MORE OUT OF GUILT THAN REMORSE, PROMISED TO PICK UP THE TAB. BUT NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE TREATMENT, MY MIND WOULDN'T MEND. I WAS CLASSIC CATATONIC-SCHIZOPHRENIC... BABBLING INCESTANTLY ABOUT POINTS, RATINGS AND SHARES!



THEN SOMEONE HEARD OF THIS NEW PSYCHE-TUBE BEING PIONEERED BY THE JAPANESE. FOR LACK OF ANYWHERE ELSE TO SEND ME, THEY WRAPPED ME UP AND SHIPPED ME TO THE ISLE OF THE SETTING SUN. EVER SINCE, I'VE BEEN A HUMAN GUINEA PIG... PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF MY NIPPONSE PROGRAMMERS.



I'M NOT REAL SURE HOW THEIR MENTAL BOOB TUBE WORKS... SOMETHING ABOUT STIMULATING INNER OPTIC NERVES. WHAT THEY DO IS JAB THESE LONG HUMONGUS NEEDLES INTO YOUR BRAIN, THEN FONDLE THEIR VIDEO CHANNELS UNTIL THEY GET THE PICTURE THEY WANT. THEY MANIPULATE THIS LITTLE DREAMWORLD ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN INNATE SCRIPTS... WHICH, AS I UNDERSTAND IT, ARE RECYCLED FROM THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF TV.



NONE OF IT IS REAL, OF COURSE! IT ALL HAPPENS INSIDE MY BRAIN! BUT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE EXTREMELY THERAPEUTIC... GUARANTEED TO CHASE AWAY THE DEMONS OF CATATONIA.

THEY SAY IT'S ALL IN MY BEST INTERESTS... THAT IF I CAN SURVIVE THIS, I'LL DO WONDERS IN THE REAL WORLD... BUT I DON'T KNOW. SOMEHOW IT REEKS OF THE SINISTER, INSTEAD OF IMPROVING MY CONDITION. I HAVE THIS TERRIBLE FEELING I'M SINKING DEEPER INTO THE MIRE OF MY MIND!



IF I WERE THE SUSPICIOUS SORT, I MIGHT BE PERSUDED TO BELIEVE THAT THIS PSYCHE-TUBE WAS CREATED BY THE JAPANESE AS THE MASTER WEAPON IN THEIR LONG-PLANNED TAKEOVER OF THE WORLD...!

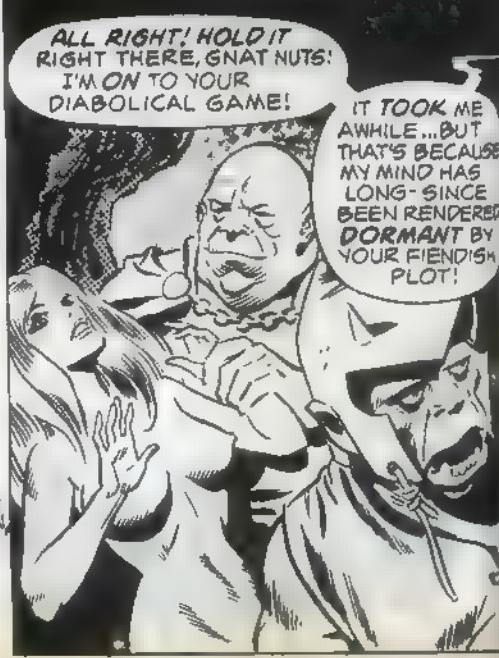


SINCE A YOUTH, I'VE HARBORED THIS DREAD THAT TELEVISION WAS BESTOWED UPON AN UNSUSPECTING AMERICAN PUBLIC FOR THE OMINOUS PURPOSE OF RENDERING US INTO MINDLESS HUSKS!

I'VE SEEN MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN BUMBLE THROUGH LIFE, IM-PERSONATING LOBOTOMIZED VESTABLES... THE RESULT OF IDLE YEARS SPENT STARING VACANTLY INTO THE CHIMERICAL WASTELAND OF THE VIDEO WORLD!

NOW IF THE JAPS WERE TO MASS-MARKET THIS PSYCHE-TUBE, WITH ITS BIGGER-THAN-LIFE, COMMERCIAL-FREE, WALL-TO-WALL CEREBRAL SCREEN, IT WOULD BE GOBBLED HUNGRILY UP BY AN UN-SUSPECTING PUBLIC, ALREADY PROGRAMMED TO CONSUME INORDINATE AMOUNTS OF FANTASY.

WHAT BETTER WAY TO SEND US ALL INTO MASS CATATONIC STUPOR... AND AT LONG LAST HAVE THEIR REVENGE FOR WORLD WAR II!



CLEVER OF THOSE NIPONIANE SLIME! SO THIS IS WHAT IT'S BEEN LEADING TO! THIS IS WHY WE'VE BEEN DELUGED FOR YEARS WITH BETTER-MADE JAP TV'S. THAT'S BEEN THE HOOK THAT'S MADE VIDEO JUNKIES OF US ALL....



THEY'VE BEEN PATIENT, I'LL GIVE THEM THAT, WAITING FOR US TO O.D. ON LUCY AND RICKY. THEY WANTED US ON OUR KNEES, BEGGING FOR MORE, BEFORE THEY HIT US WITH THE HARD STUFF THAT'S BEEN LURKING WITHIN OUR OWN HEADS!



WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, WE SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED, WE SHOULD HAVE QUESTIONED THE APATETIC BENEVOLENCE THEY SHOWED US AFTER WE KICKED LIVING SHIT OUT OF THEM IN THE WAR!

BUT HOW COULD WE HAVE KNOWN, INCAPACITED AS SUCH WITH OUR DORMANT MINDS? IT WAS CLASSIC CATCH 22... BROUGHT TO US BY OUR JAPANESE "FRIENDS!"



AND TO THINK THAT I WAS AIDING THEM IN THEIR EXECRABLE CONSPIRACY TURNING OUT SLUDGE TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! SLUDGE WHICH EVEN SUCKED ME INTO THE BLACKNESS OF INSANITY! JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER THEY'LL GET US EVERY TIME! THOSE THEY DON'T WRECK IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN, THEY'LL BRING DOWN BEHIND THE SCENES, AND EVENTUALLY THE ENTIRE WESTERN WORLD WILL FALL!



LOOKS LIKE THAT'S IT! NOW THAT I'VE TIPPED MY HAND AND LET ON THAT I KNOW... THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO...! MAYBE THEY'LL TAKE AWAY MY PSYCHE-TUBE AND PIPE IN OLD JOHNNY CARSON RERUNS! AAAA! I COULDN'T THINK OF A MORE HORRIBLE FATE! I'D MUCH PREFER THE PEACE OF THE GREAT BEYOND!



INTO HIDDEN CLEAVES OF MIND, WHERE EVEN DARKEST DREAMS DO NOT EXIST!

THEY NOT TLOCHE YOU HERE! HERE YOU FIND HAPPINESS AND PLEASURE!

OH, GOSH! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

IS DLOWE, HONORABLE DOCTOR?

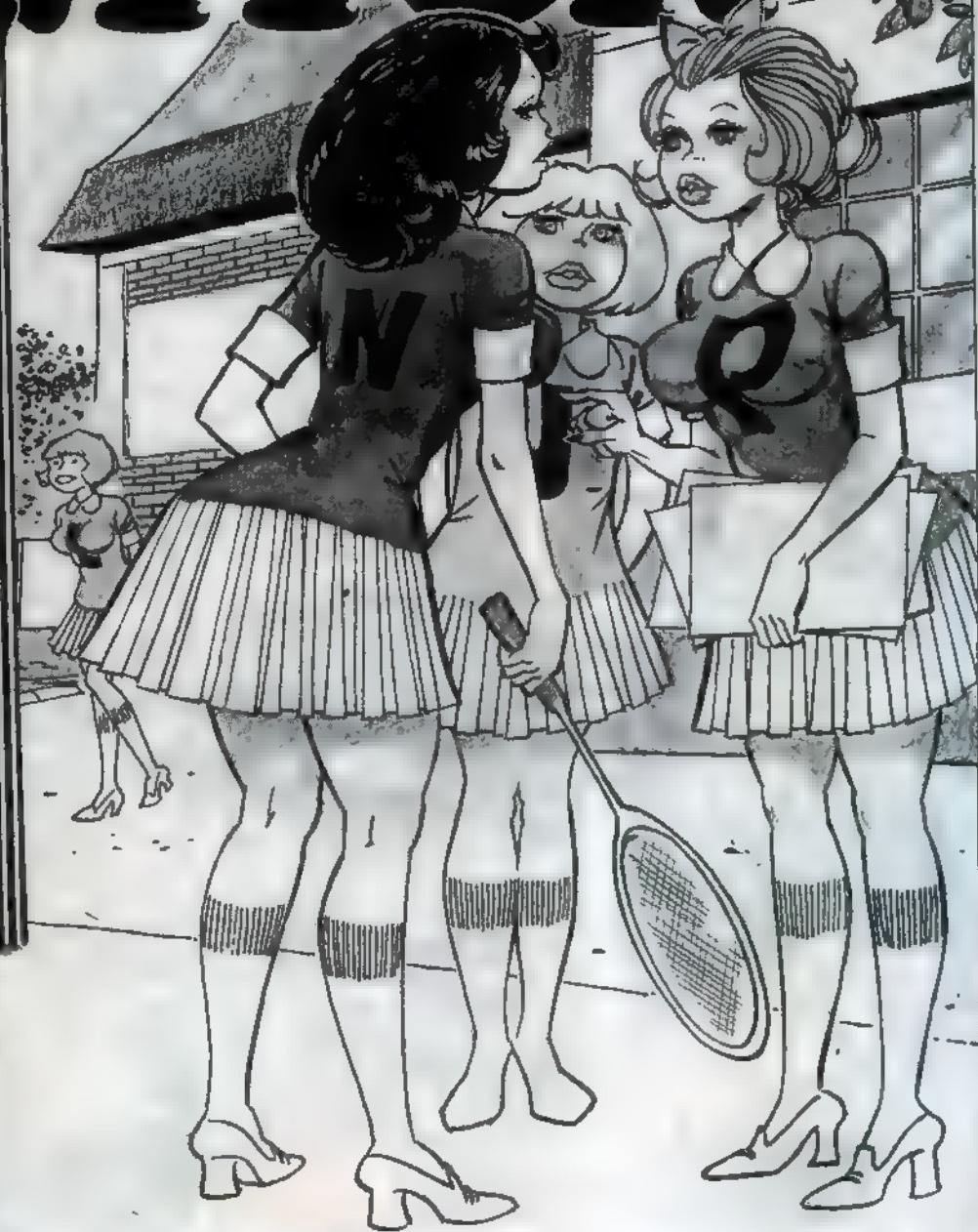
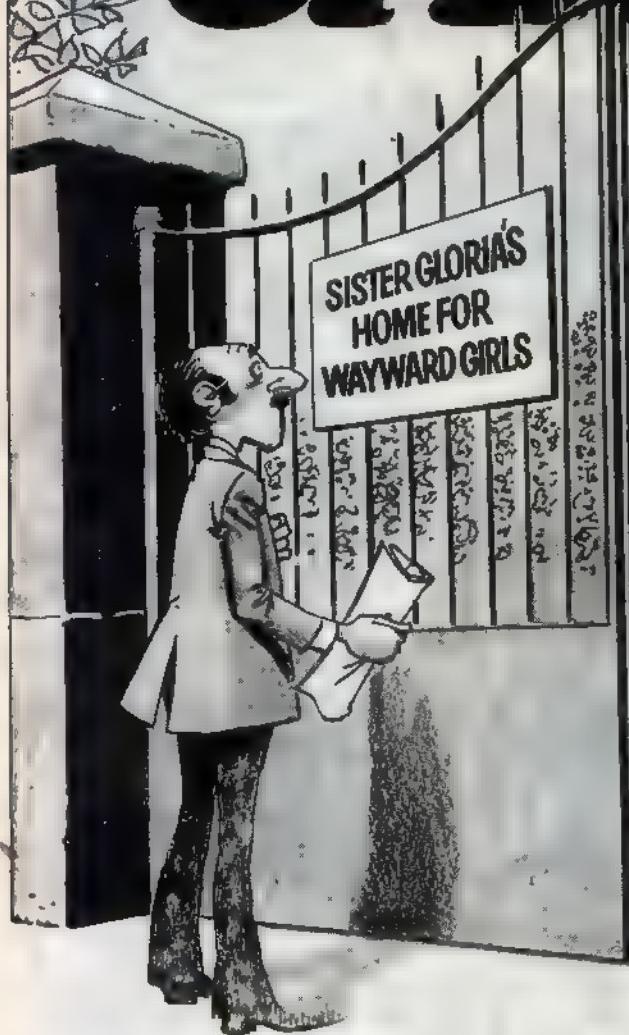
IS DLOWE, HONORABLE NURSE! QUICK! PLAINLESS! WAS HAPPY DEATH. SHOULD GO SO WELL FOR REST OF AMERICANS!

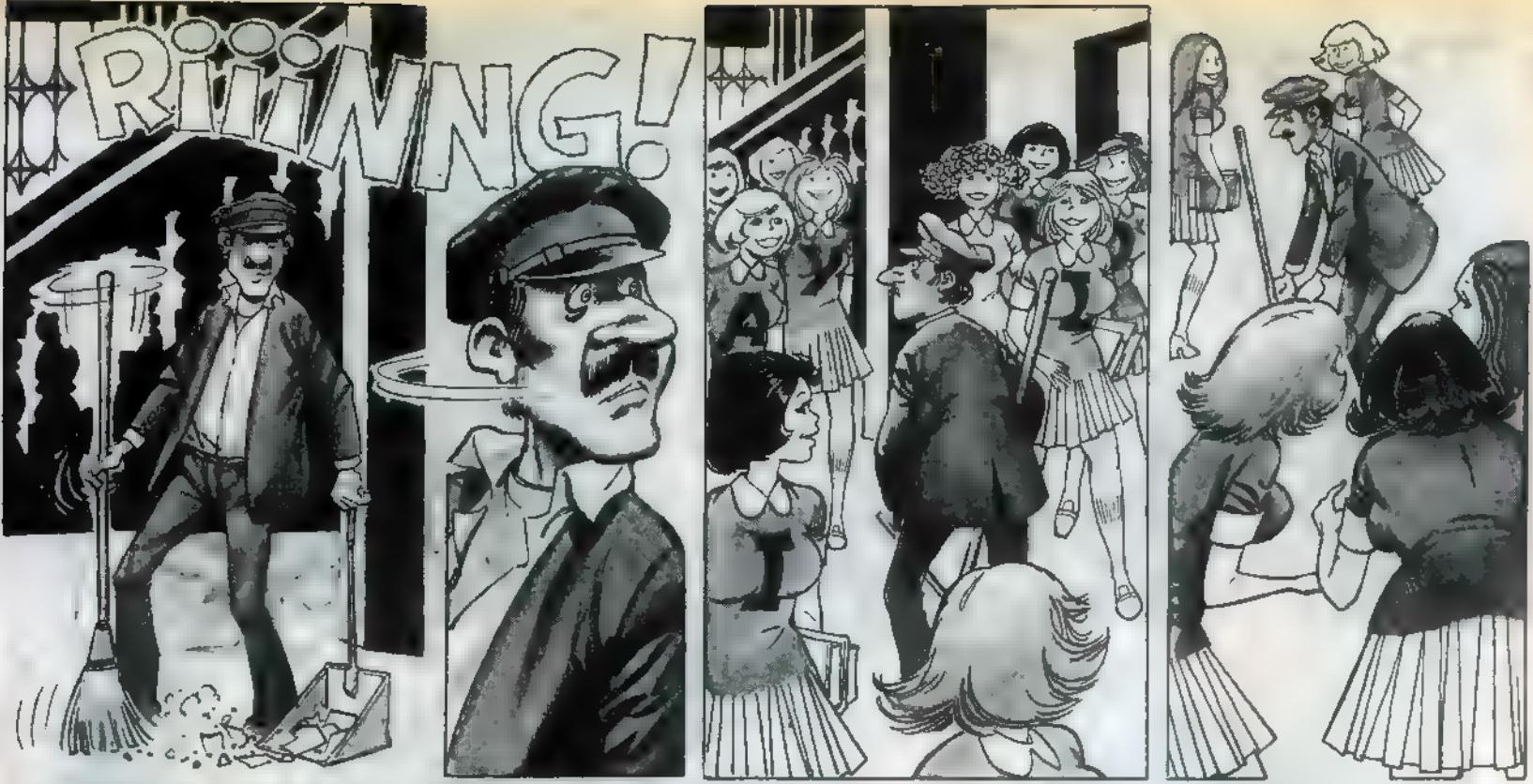
THEN WE BEGIN EXPORT SOON!

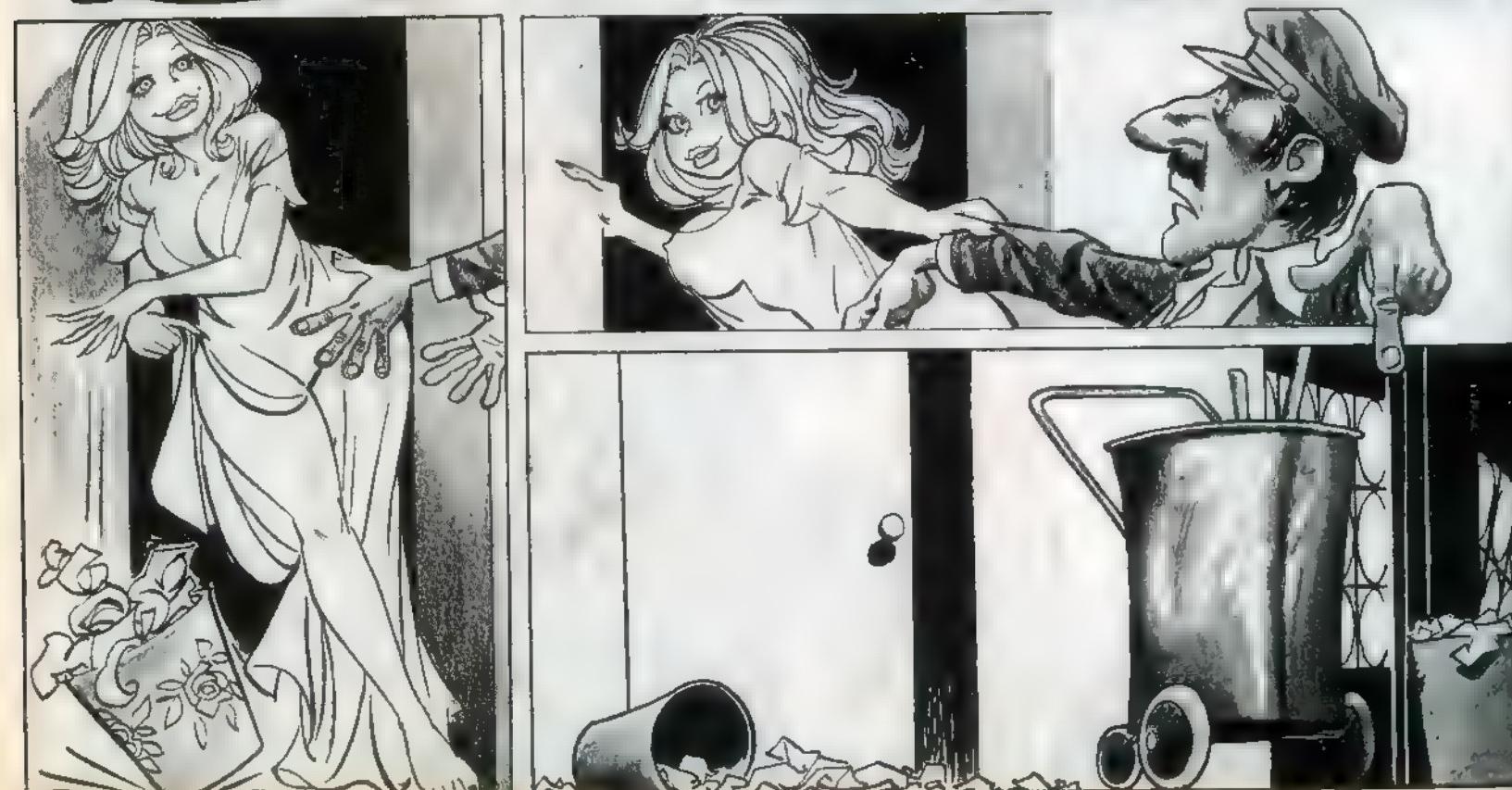
FIRST SHIPMENT GLOWS OUT TOMORROW!

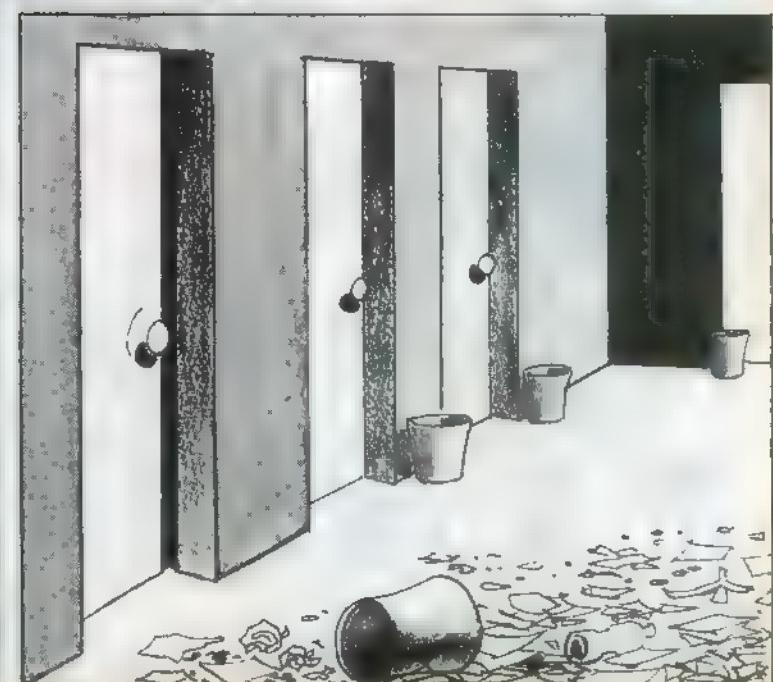
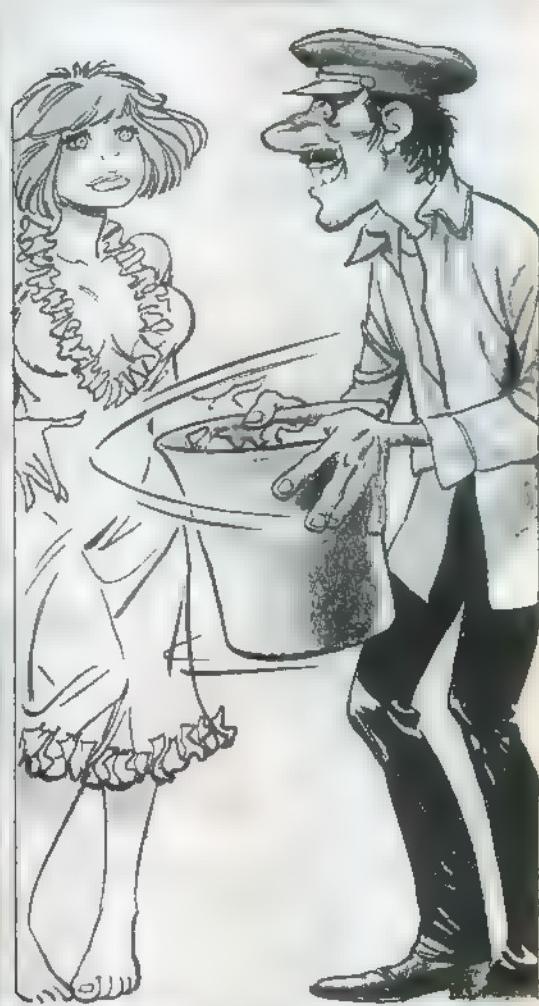


The JANITOR

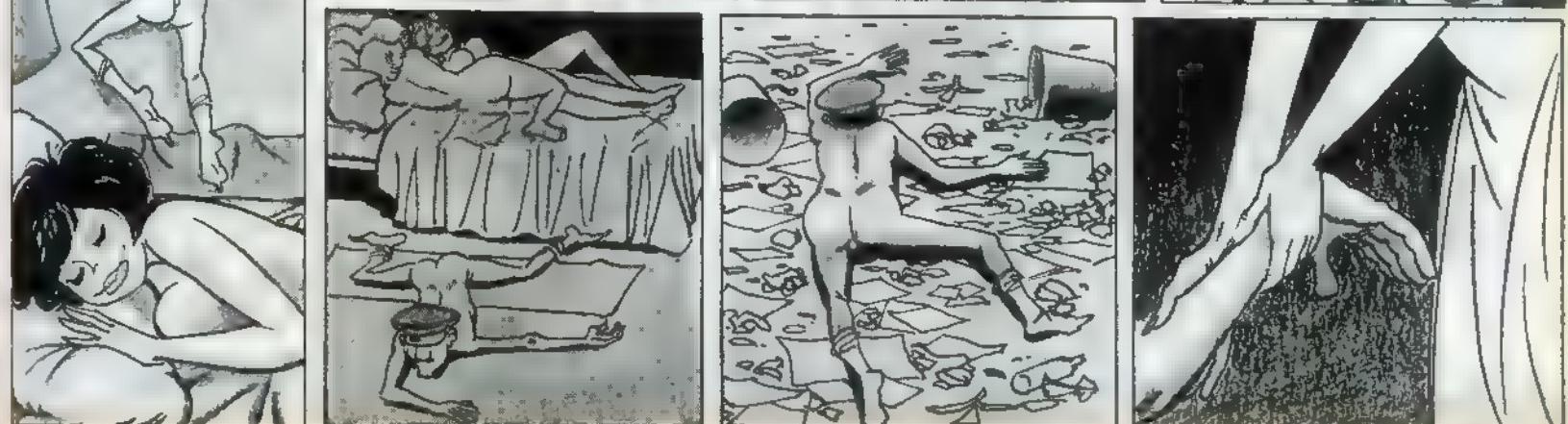


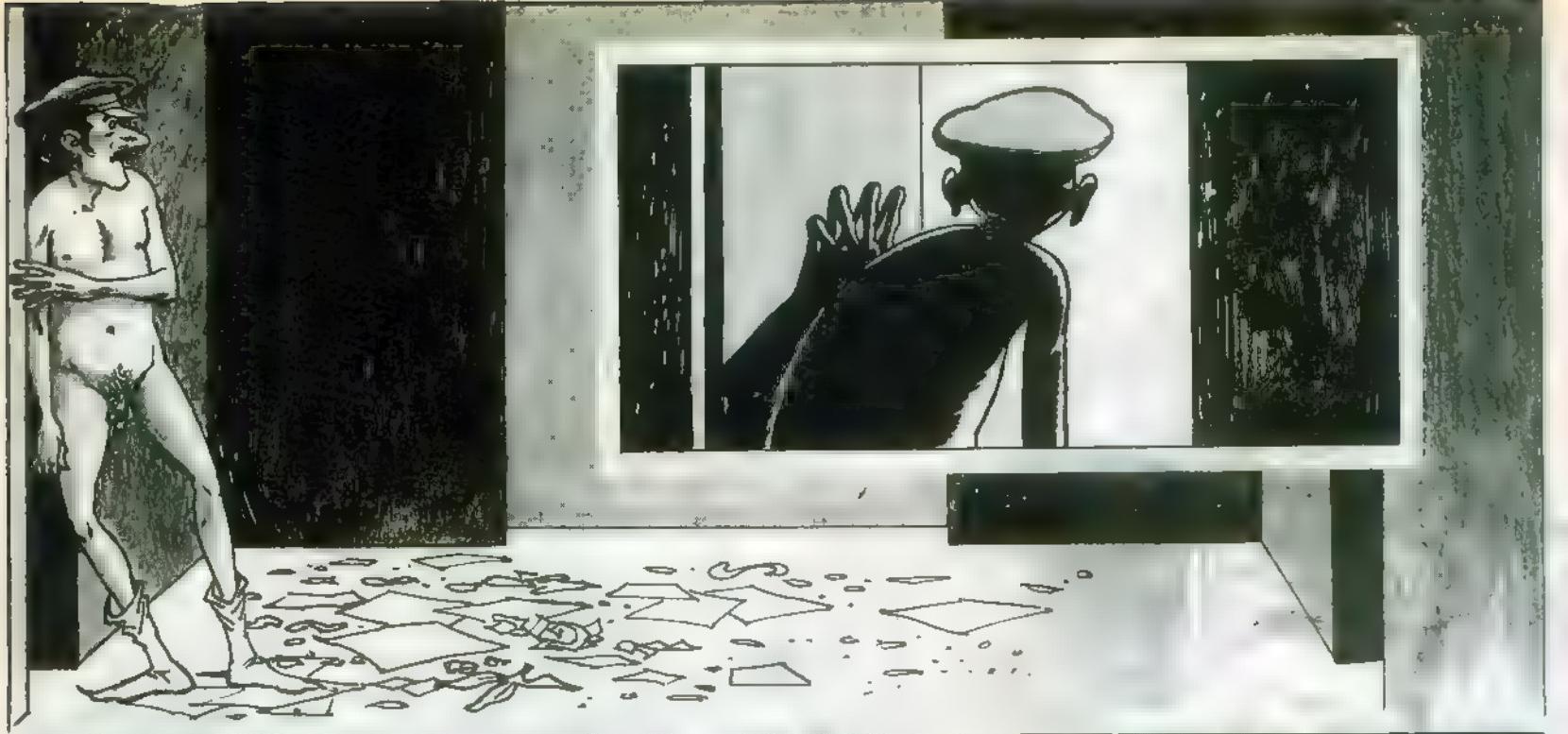


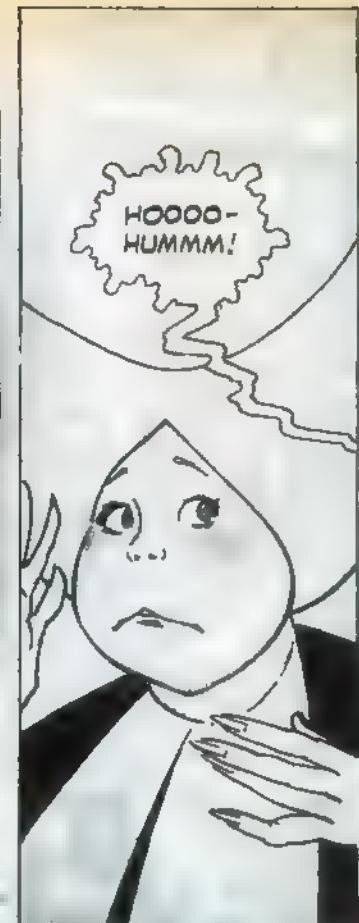














MUTANT WORLD

THE WORLD IS DIFFERENT NOW! IT IS DOG-EAT-DOG, SO TO SPEAK. AND THE ALTERED GOLDEN RULE STATES... EAT UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR STEW OUTTA YOU!

THE FEEBLE MINDED DIMENTO HAS MANAGED TO AVOID BEING FRICASSEED THUS FAR. BUT VISIONS OF HIS FRAIL FORM IMPALED ON A REVOLVING SPIT, AN APPLE STUCK BETWEEN HIS GAPING TEETH, RETURN AS HE HEARS THE CRUNCH OF HEAVY FEET TROMPING THROUGH THE STICKY MIST!



COME OUT, CHUBBY MORSEL! IT IS SAFE!
ZUG IS NOT HUNGRY
NOW.



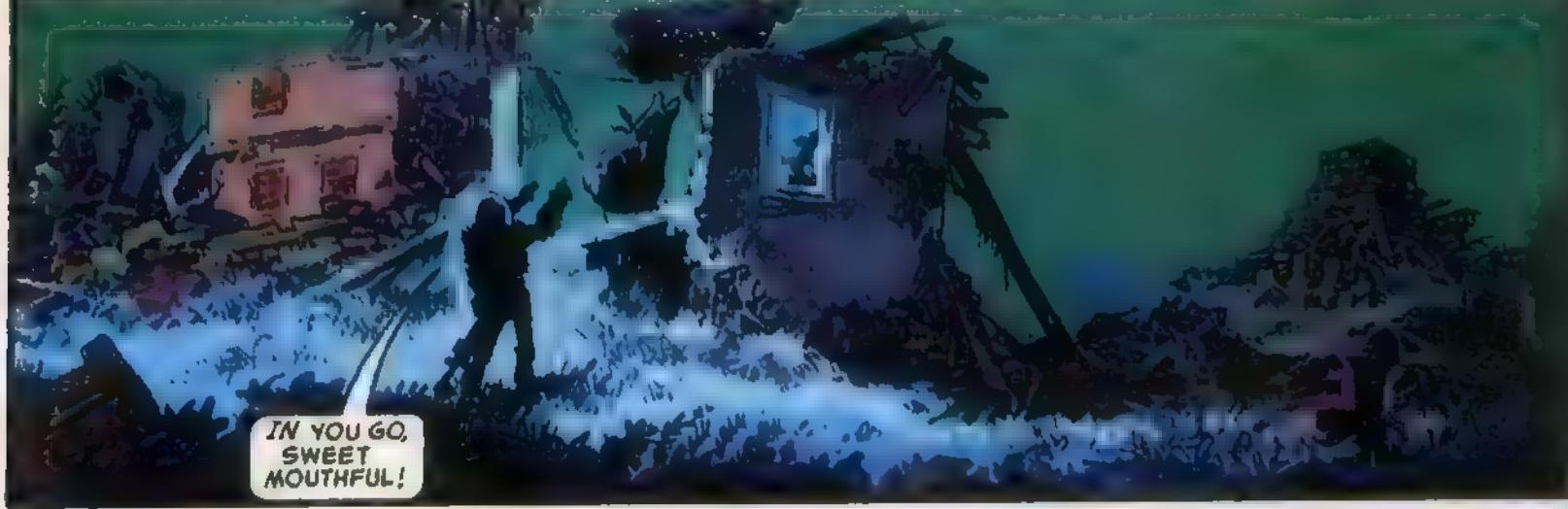
AH! THERE
YOU ARE,
JUICY ONE.



DON'T SQUIRM,
LITTLE MEAT.
YOU'LL BE SAFE...
UNTIL MORNING.



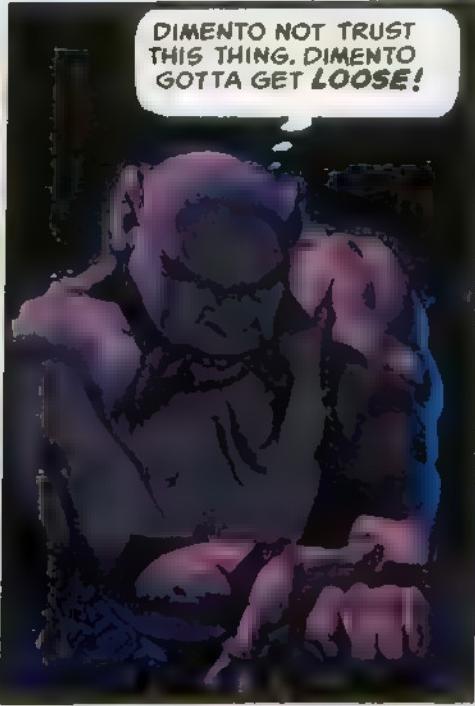
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
CRUNCH



IN YOU GO,
SWEET
MOUTHFUL!



AH....!
SLEEP!



DIMENTO NOT TRUST
THIS THING. DIMENTO
GOTTA GET LOOSE!



DEAR LORD, THANK YOU FOR
THIS DAY AND THIS PEACE
YOU HAVE BROUGHT TO MY
SPIRIT. LET ALL THINGS BE
ON EARTH AS YOUR LOVE
HAS MADE THEM IN
HEAVEN.



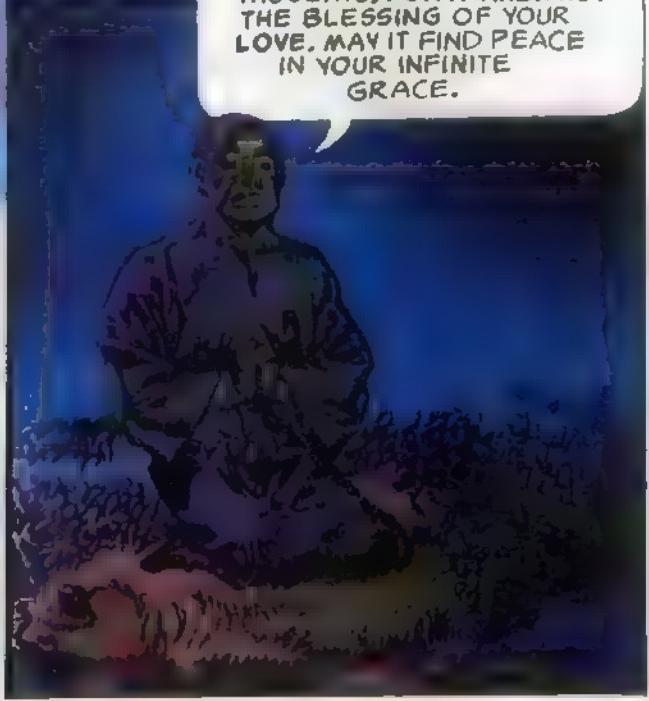
OMMMMMMM!



MMM! IT'S ZUG'S
LUCKY DAY! MORE
MEAT AWAITS MY
STEW!



DEAR LORD, FORGIVE THIS CREATURE IT'S WRONGFUL THOUGHTS, FOR IT KNEW NOT THE BLESSING OF YOUR LOVE. MAY IT FIND PEACE IN YOUR INFINITE GRACE.



HAVE NO FEAR, SIMPLE ONE.
GOD HAS DELIVERED YOU
FROM DANGER. MY NAME IS
FATHER DOVE, AND I AM
GOD'S HUMBLE SERVANT. I
WILL NOT HARM YOU.



LET ME FREE YOU
FROM THIS UN-
SEEMLY POSITION.
WHAT IS YOUR
NAME, LAMB?

UH, ME DIMENTO.
THAT BAD THING
WAS GONNA
EAT ME.

IT IS A HARD WORLD,
DIMENTO. YOU MUST
TRUST IN GOD TO
SAVE YOU. HAVE YOU
ANY FOOD OR
WEAPONS?

NO... NO
WEAPONS. NO
FOOD FOR
MANY DAYS.

THEN YOU MUST
JOIN ME ON MY
PILGRIMAGE.
THROUGH SERVICE
TO GOD, YOU WILL
BE REWARDED.

YOU MAY BEGIN BY CARRYING MY
SACK. IT'S A SMALL CHORE,
BUT ENOUGH FOR A BEGINNING....!

BUT-!

NO EXCUSES!!
SLOTH IS THE
TOOL OF THE
DEVIL!

MOVE IT! YOU
MUST DO AS
GOD REQUIRES!

UNGH!

THUMP!

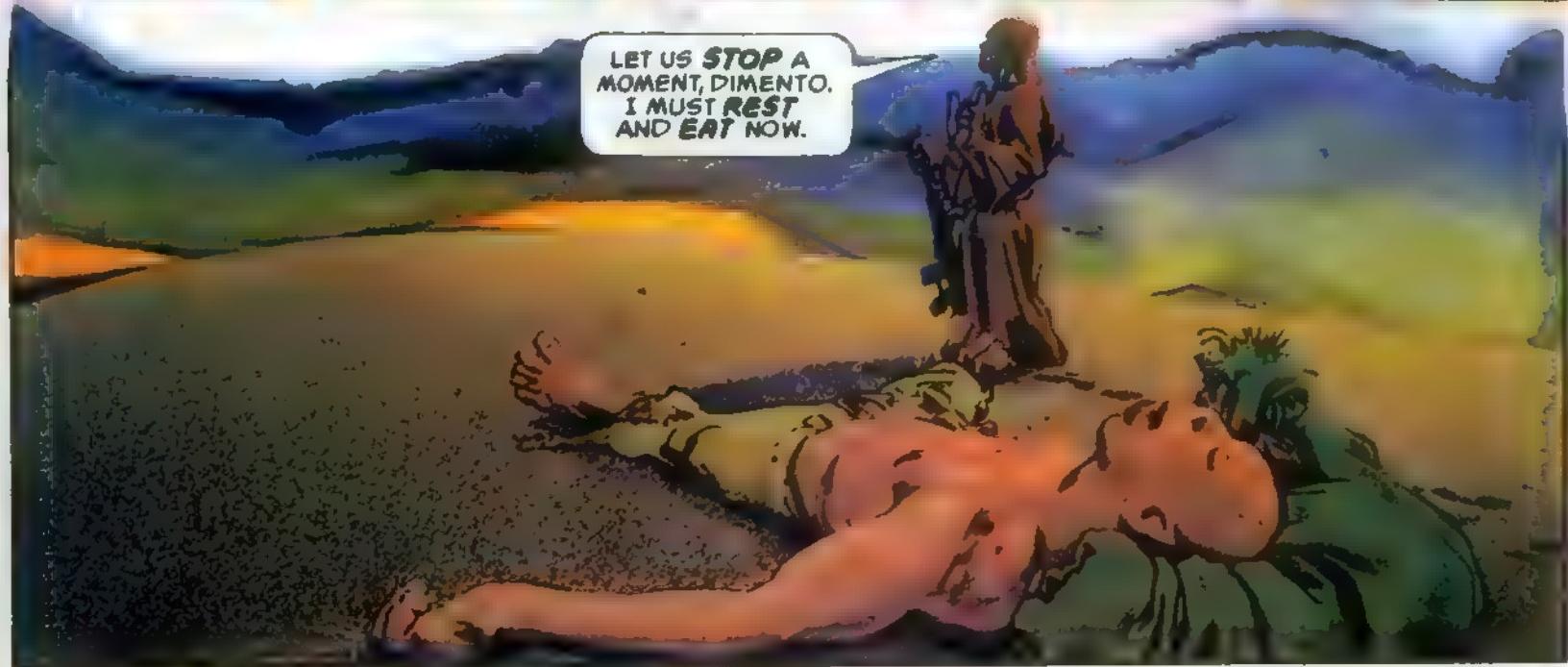


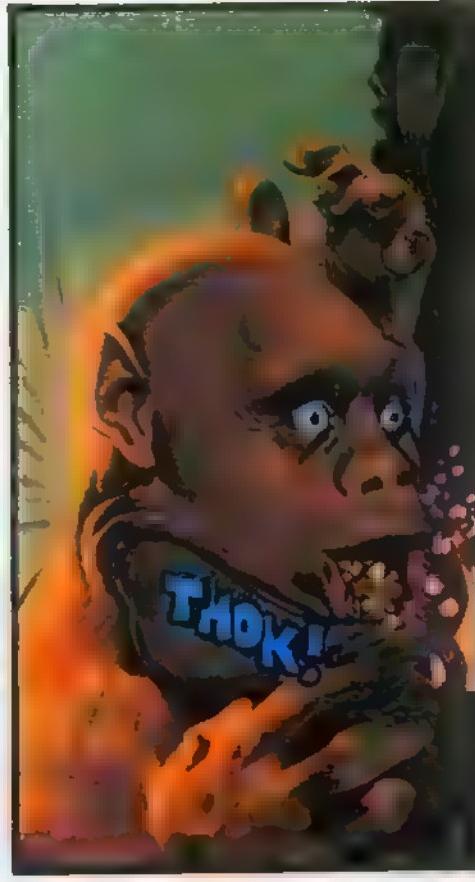
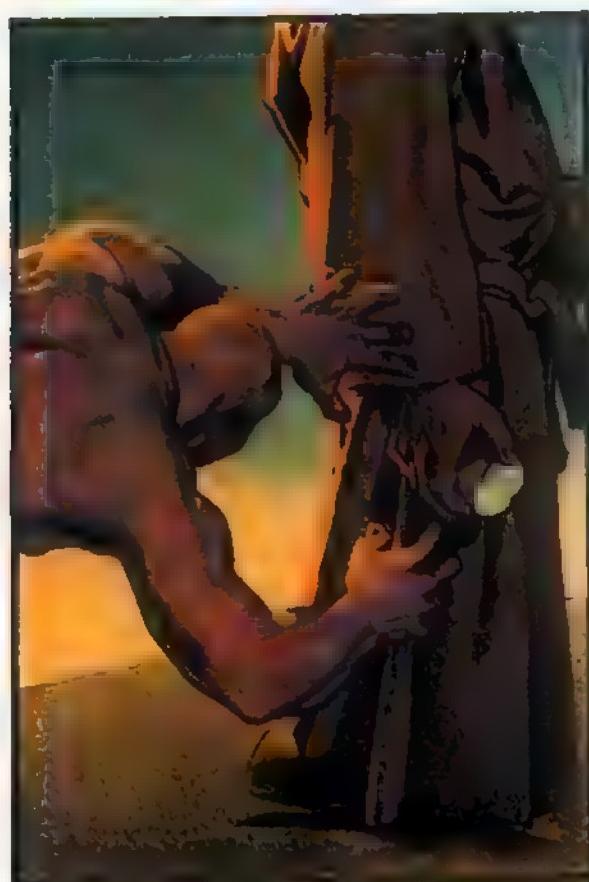
THIS SACK HEAVY.
I HURT. CAN'T I
EAT NOW?

NO! PAIN IS AN ILLUSION!
YOU ONLY THINK YOU
ARE TIRED BECAUSE
YOUR SPIRIT IS WEAK!



LET US STOP A
MOMENT, DIMENTO.
I MUST REST
AND EAT NOW.





THE DEVIL DOES
NOT LIKE PAIN. WE
WILL DRIVE HIM
OUT!

AGHH!

WAK!

STOP!
DIMENTO
SORRY! DON'T
HURT! PLEASE!

NO, DIMENTO. YOU
MUST LEARN A LESSON.
YOU HAVE ANGERED
GOD, AND YOU MUST
BE PUNISHED. NOW
STAND UP AND TAKE
IT LIKE A MARTYR!

ALL RIGHT DIMENTO...
YOU ASKED FOR IT.
YOU'RE AS EVIL AS THE
REST OF THEM! PREPARE
TO DIE, MUTANT!

RUMBLE
K-CHK
K-CHK
K-CHK

HUH? OH GOD!
NOW WAIT A
MINUTE, HUH!

RUMBLE
K-CHK

NO! STOP! I DON'T
WANT TO DIE! DEAR
LORD... I... I'M SORRY!
NOOOO!



RUMBLE RUMBLE



F-FATHER
DOVE...?

...FATHER
DOVE?

DIMENTO LISTENS TO THE
HISsing SAND AND WATCHES
THE PRIEST'S GUN SINK
SLOWLY BENEATH THE SURFACE.
HE DOES NOT MOVE. SOON, NO
SIGN REMAINS OF FATHER
DOVE OR OF THE GREAT HOLE
THAT HAS TAKEN HIM...
TO HEAVEN!

MESIAH

LET ME ASK YOU...! HAVE YOU EVER MADE IT WITH ANALTARIAN SLIME BEAR?

OR GONE DOWN ON A MIMASIAN NYMPHWORM?

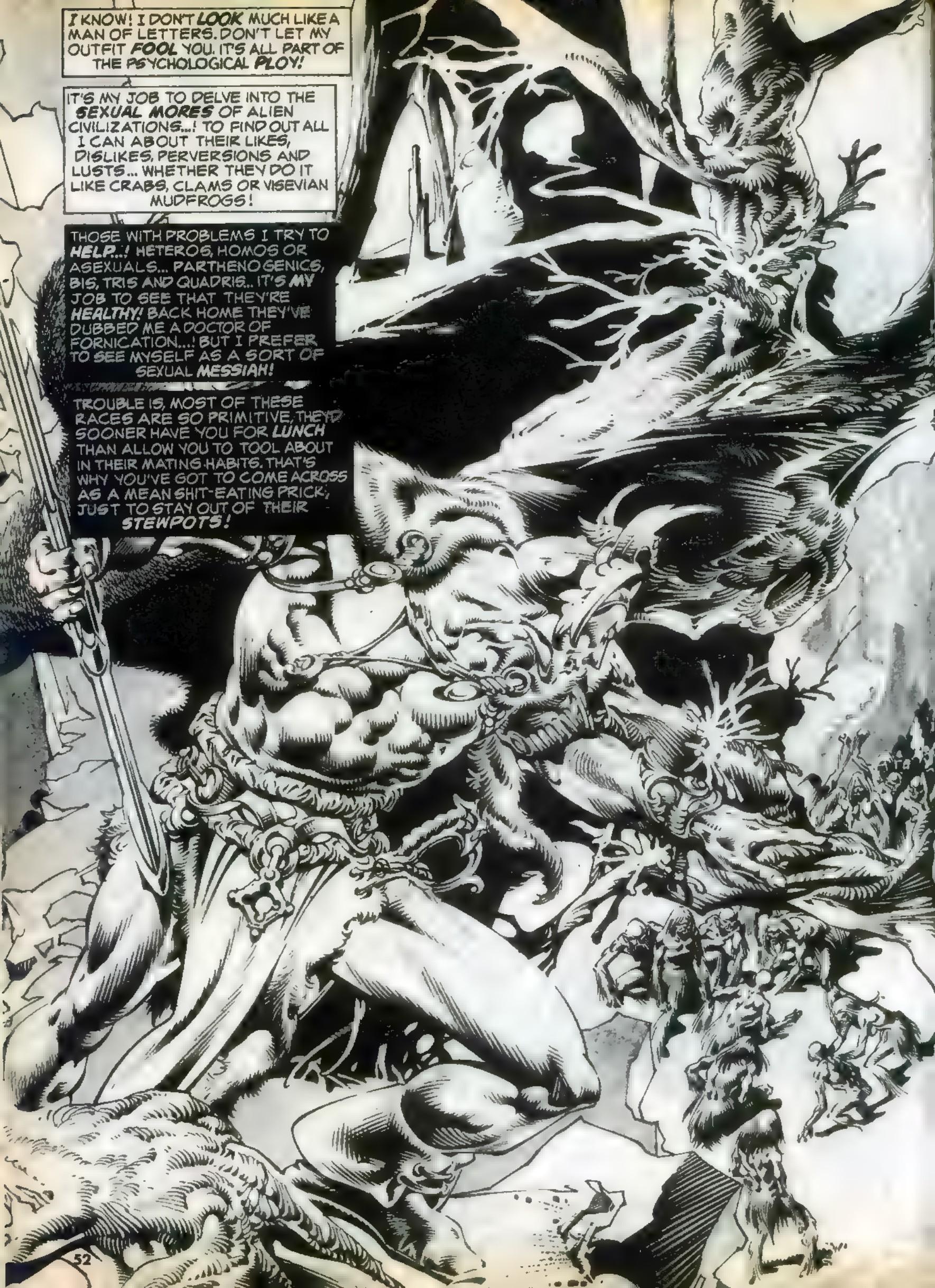
I HAVE! THAT'S MY JOB! I'M A SCIENTIST, AND I SPECIALIZE IN THE SCIENCE OF SEX.

I KNOW! I DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A MAN OF LETTERS. DON'T LET MY OUTFIT FOOL YOU, IT'S ALL PART OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PLOY!

IT'S MY JOB TO DELVE INTO THE SEXUAL MORES OF ALIEN CIVILIZATIONS...! TO FIND OUT ALL I CAN ABOUT THEIR LIKES, DISLIKES, PERVERSIONS AND LUSTS... WHETHER THEY DO IT LIKE CRABS, CLAMS OR VISEVIAN MUDFROGS!

THOSE WITH PROBLEMS I TRY TO HELP...! HETROS, HOMOS OR ASEXUALS... PARTHENOGENICS, BIS, TRIS AND QUADRIS... IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT THEY'RE HEALTHY! BACK HOME THEY'VE DUBBED ME A DOCTOR OF FORNICATION...! BUT I PREFER TO SEE MYSELF AS A SORT OF SEXUAL MESSIAH!

TROUBLE IS, MOST OF THESE RACES ARE SO PRIMITIVE, THEY'D SOONER HAVE YOU FOR LUNCH THAN ALLOW YOU TO TOOL ABOUT IN THEIR MATINS HABITS. THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOT TO COME ACROSS AS A MEAN SHIT-EATING PRICK, JUST TO STAY OUT OF THEIR STEWPOTS!



THE PART I LIKE BEST ABOUT MY WORK IS GETTING
INTO MY STUDIES FIRSTHAND, SO TO SPEAK.

THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LITTLE **BENT** TO
ENJOY THIS LINE OF ENDEAVOR. BUT LET ME TELL
YOU... YOU HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ECSTACY
UNTIL YOU'VE HAD YOUR AXLE GREASED BY A
SINOPIAN LECH BLOB.

SOME GO AS FAR AS TO CALL US REAMING
RAPISTS. BUT LOOK, MAN... IF WE **RESEARCHERS**
DIDN'T DO WHAT WE WERE PAID FOR, MANKIND
WOULD STILL BE IN THE DARK AGES WHEN IT
CAME TO INTERGALACTIC COHABITATION.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE
OPEN
ABOUT THESE
THINGS. SHRUG
OFF YOUR HANG-
UPS EXPERIENCE...
THAT'S WHAT
LIFE'S ALL ABOUT!



OH SURE, WE'VE GOT SOME SICKIES AND WIERDOES IN THE CORPS... RESEARCHERS WHO DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE WORK AND ARE IN IT JUST FOR THE KICKS. BUT THOSE KIND OF PERVERTS YOU'LL FIND ANYWHERE. YOU'VE GOT TO DISCOUNT THE FEW AND CREDIT THE MANY WITH THE FINE JOB WE'RE DOING IN UPDATING THE MORAL ATTITUDES OF THE CIVILIZED GALAXY.

THIS ISN'T THE CUSHIEST JOB YOU KNOW. IT'S BRAUT WITH VERY REAL DANGERS. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US CREDIT FOR OUR BALLS. A LOT OF THESE RACES HAVE PROBLEMS! THEY'RE BACKWARDS, DIRTY, AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THEY SMELL WORSE THAN THE DUNG MUNCHERS OF ODIOUS III.

I WON'T TRY TO FOOL YOU. THEY'VE GOT DISEASES. SOME OF THEM SPORT CRABS THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST. I ONCE TRIED THIS PHOBIAN FUZZMINK WITH PUPWORMS BIG ENOUGH TO CRIPPLE AN ELEPHANT. AND THOSE ARE THE KNOWN DISEASES. OUR GUYS PICK UP NEW ONES EVERY TRIP!

BUT VERY FEW RACES ARE HOPELESS, EXCEPT MAYBE THE SYMPHEN OF OFFAL IV.

BESIDES WHICH...WE'VE GOT CURES FOR ANYTHING THESE DAYS. YOU CATCH SOMETHING NASTY, IT'S A SLIGHT INCONVENIENCE AT BEST.

NOW TAKE THESE SCREAMING MOTHER-EATERS. PRIMITIVES, RIGHT?! UH UH! DON'T LET THOSE DULL, VACANT EYES FOOL YOU. THESE ARE HIGHLY-INTELLIGENT CREATURES WHOVE HAD THE GENETIC MISFORTUNE TO EVOLVE INTO THE EQUIVALENT OF WARTHOGS.

THE GUYS BACK AT THE CLINIC CLAIM THAT THEY'RE THE BEST LAYS IN THE SECTOR. BUT TOUCHY. SHEEEEEE-IT! TRYING TO GET NEAR THEM IS LIKE JUMPING INTO A POOL OF HIMALIAN DEATHSNAKES.

ONE GETS THE IMPRESSION THEY EITHER LOATHE SEX... OR THAT THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT INTO TRYING SOMETHING NEW!



THEY WEREN'T **ALWAYS** THIS WAY. ONCE, A LONG TIME AGO, THESE CREATURES WERE SUPPOSEDLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INTELLIGENT SPECIES IN THE GALAXY...!

THEIR FEATURES WERE SO FAIR, THEIR PROPOGATION RIGHTS SO PLEASUREABLE, IT'S SAID THEIR ENTIRE LIVES WERE CENTERED AROUND THE FINE ART OF LOVE...!

IT'S RUMORED THAT THIS WORLD WAS A SHANGRI-LA...! WHEN THEY WEREN'T INDULGING THEIR LUST, THEY WERE BASKING IN ITS WARM AFTERGLOW. THEY ORGIED THEIR WAY NON-STOP THROUGH LIFE, FORNICATIONATING THEMSELVES INTO THEIR GRAVES...!

OF COURSE, THEY CAME TO A POINT IN THEIR HISTORY WHEN THE ALARMISTS, AS THEY SEEM TO DO IN SO MANY SEX-ORIENTED SOCIETIES, YELLED 'OVERPOPULATION'!"

INSTEAD, HOWEVER, OF IGNORING THE PESSIMISTS, THE USUAL COURSE OF NON-ACTION... THE NATIVES MADE THE MISTAKE OF SEEKING THE ADVICE OF THEIR MOST "KNOWLEDGEABLE" MEN. AND, AS ALWAYS, A SOLUTION WAS SET UPON WHICH CREATED MORE PROBLEMS THAN IT RESOLVED.

SOME SEX-DETESTING SCHOLAR, WHO NO DOUBT HAD NEVER BEEN LAID IN HIS LIFE, CONCOCTED A GENETIC SERUM WHICH HE CLAIMED WOULD REGULATE THE POPULATION ONCE AND FOR ALL.

THE GOVERNMENT, COMPOSED OF THE SAME BRAND OF MADMEN WHO USUALLY FIND THEIR WAY INTO SUCH POSITIONS OF POWER, RELEASED THE SERUM INTO THE ATMOSPHERE, AND AWAITED THE "MIRACULOUS" RESULTS....!

IT WORKED, OF COURSE. SOME WILL ARGUE THAT IT WORKED TOO WELL. IT ALTERED THE POPULATION'S GENES INTO THOSE AKIN TO WARTHOGS!

THE RATIONALE WAS FLAWLESSLY LOGICAL...! WHO AFTER ALL, WANTS TO MAKE IT WITH A WARTHOG!?

AS ANTICIPATED, THE POPULATION'S BEEN DWINDLING EVER SINCE!







AS FOR ME...! YEAH! I KNEW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN I DREW THIS ASSIGNMENT, TOO! I KNEW THESE HUMANOIDS OF UHRTH, OR EARTH AS THEY CALL IT, WOULD VERY POSSIBLY NAIL ME TO THE WALL. BUT I LOOK AT IT THIS WAY...! IF I COULD HAVE CURED THEIR SELF-INFILCTED INHIBITIONS, I'D BE HAVING THE TIME OF MY YOUNG LIFE.

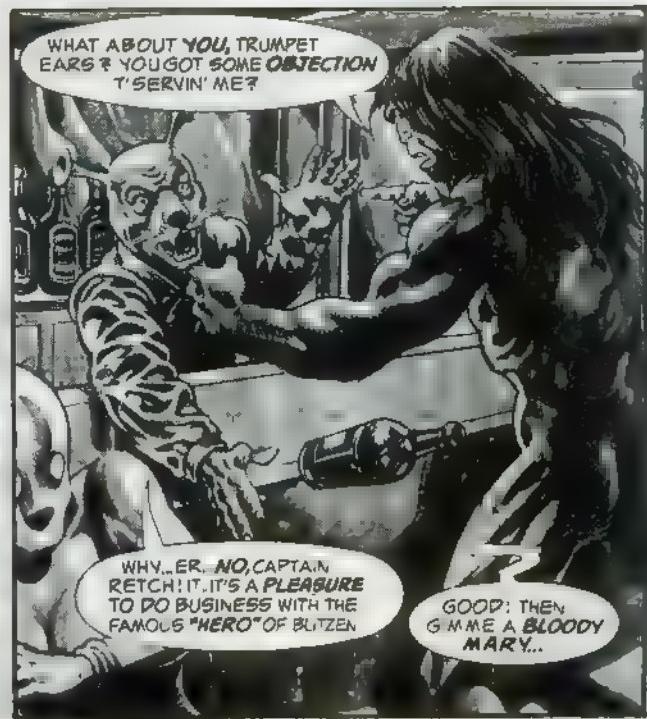
AND IF NOT...! WELL... THERE'S ALWAYS THE BRIGHT SIDE, I'VE MADE IT WITH DEIMIAN LOVE SLUGS, LYSIANE WHIP-LIZARDS, AND ELARIAN SNATCHTOADS BY THE SCORE. I'VE PLOWED PASPAHEN PUSSQUID, RHEAN FUZZ ROCKS AND UMBREILIAN PRICKLE-BOAR, ALL IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE. I'VE BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO WORLDS AND ECSTACY TO FACES, I'VE OVERCOME OCEANS OF SEXUAL REPROGANTS AND HAVE LED THE NEW WAVE OF THE PROMISCUOUSLY LIBERAL FUTURE. THERE ISN'T ANYTHING I HAVEN'T SEEN, THERE ISN'T ANYONE I HAVEN'T DONE. WHAT MORE COULD ANY MAN ASK?

IF ONLY THE EARTHIANS HADN'T BEEN SO HUNG UP. THE THINGS I COULD HAVE TRUSTED THEM... BUT THEY'VE GOT THIS THING FOR GOING IN THEIR MESSIAHS, AND WHO CAN BLAME THEM. THEY'VE BEEN SO OFTEN LED WRONG.

BUT I DON'T FAULT THEM. I BEAR THEM NO GRUDGE! ANYONE WHO CAN MAKE IT WITH A WARTHOG... IS STILL ALL RIGHT BY ME!

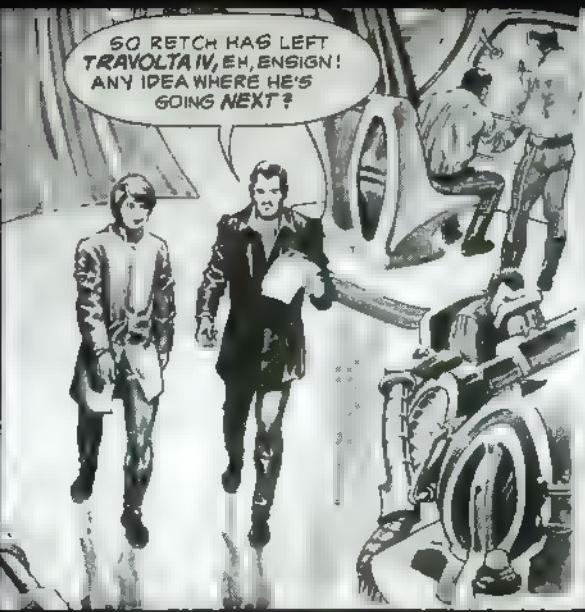
don't call me... man-eater!

HOMONCUS RETCH WAS A STAR-PILOT. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST STARPILOTS IN ALL THE CIVILIZED GALAXIES. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE ILL-FATED BLITZEN EXPEDITION... THE DISASTEROUS CRUISE WHICH SHAPED HIM INTO THE MOST INFAMOUS STARCAPTAIN IN THE SPACEWAYS!





THERE WERE OTHERS, TOO, INTERESTED IN CAPTAIN HOMONCULUS RETCH... THE HEADS OF THE STAR PILOTS ASSOCIATION WERE MONITORING HIS EVERY MOVE...



HE SEEMS TO BE HEADED TOWARDS THE FRONTIER FRINGES, SIR... HOPPING FROM PLANET TO PLANET AS IF ON SOME MYSTERIOUS QUEST...

HOW MANY PLANETS HAS HE VISITED SINCE THE BOARD CLEARED HIM OF MALAUGHTER?

ANOTHER STAR AND THE NUMBER IS COUNTING DAILY!!



OUR MEN ARE KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH ON HIM, JUST AS YOU'VE REQUESTED. BUT WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHAT IT IS THAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING FOR, SIR!

"YOU MIGHT SAY WE'RE JUST LOOKING AFTER OUR OWN, ENSIGN. THERE ARE THOSE RACES WHO FEEL RETCH IS A HERO FOR SURVIVING HIS APPALLING ORDEAL..."

"WE'VE GOTTEN WORD THAT THERE ARE OTHERS, HOWEVER, NOT SO UNDERSTANDING... AN ELITE BAND OF MERCENARIES WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING UNTIL THE CREW OF THE BLITZEN EXPEDITION IS AVENGED!"



"THEY WELCOME HIM TO THEIR WORLD.. SHOWER HIM WITH THEIR UNDYING LOVE! THESE ARE SIMPLE SENSITIVE PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND WHAT RETCH HAS UNDERGONE. UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF THOSE RACES TEND TO BE CANNIBALISTIC THEMSELVES!"



"THEY'VE ALL LOST LOVED ONES ON BLITZEN. BUT MY MONEY SAYS CRABBES WILL BE THE ONE TO SNARE RETCH FOR YOU! HE'S THE BADDEST OF THE BAD, AND HE DOESN'T CARE A THING ABOUT THE REWARD YOU'VE OFFERED!"

WE JUST WANT TO
LOOK AFTER OUR BOY
RETCH, ENSIGN. THAT'S
ALL...! AND BE THERE IF
AND WHEN HE NEEDS US.

MEANWHILE...ON ONE
OF THOSE SMALL,
INCONSEQUENTIAL
WORLDS OF THE NEW
FRONTIER, ALL BUT
ONE MEMBER OF
THE MERCENARY
BAND SHOUTS WITH
JUBILATION...

HE'S HERE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN...!
HOMONCULUS RETCH.
FAMOUS SURVIVOR OF
THE WORST TRAGEDY...

HAI HAI! HEAR
THAT, GUYS? RETCH
HAS FINALLY WALKED
INTO OUR HANDS!

WE CAN TAKE
HIM OUT RIGHT
HERE!

AT LAST HE'LL
PAY FOR HIS FREE
LUNCH ON BLITZEN...!
AND WE'LL PICK UP
A NICE FAT
BOUNTY!

YEAH! YOU DO THAT.
GO AFTER HIM. BRING
RETCH BACK TO THAT
FATCAT WHO'S OFFER-
ING THE BIG REWARD...!

OL' CRABBES HERE
IS JUST GONNA LAY BACK
AND WAIT! AND WHEN EVERY-
ONE LEAST EXPECTS IT...
ZAPPO! RETCH IS MINE!

AND...IN AN OBSCURE, RUNDOWN LITTLE TAVERN, A STONES
THROW FROM THE SPACEPORT...

HA! HA! HA! OH,
HOMC... YOU'RE SUCH
A CARDI YOUSLAY
ME!

TELL ME AGAIN
HOW THEY SQUIRMED
WHEN YOU TURNED
THEM ON THE SPIT!

AH, LOTTA DOLL...
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL!
THEY WIGGLED
LIKE SIZZLING
RIGILIAN BLOODWORMS
BUT WERE A THOUSAND
TIMES MORE TASTY!

I'VE HAD A HANKERIN' FOR
HUMANOID PIE THAT'S BEEN
NAGGIN' AT ME EVER SINCE...!
AND WHEN I LOOK AT YOU,
LOTTA BABE, MY MOUTH
WATERS AT THE THOUGHT OF
WHAT A TRULY EXQUISITE
CHAR-BROILED DISH YOU'D
MAKE!

I'VE SCOURED THE
BEST TAVERNS ON THE
FRONTIER, TRYIN' TO
FIND A MEAL TO MATCH
IT!

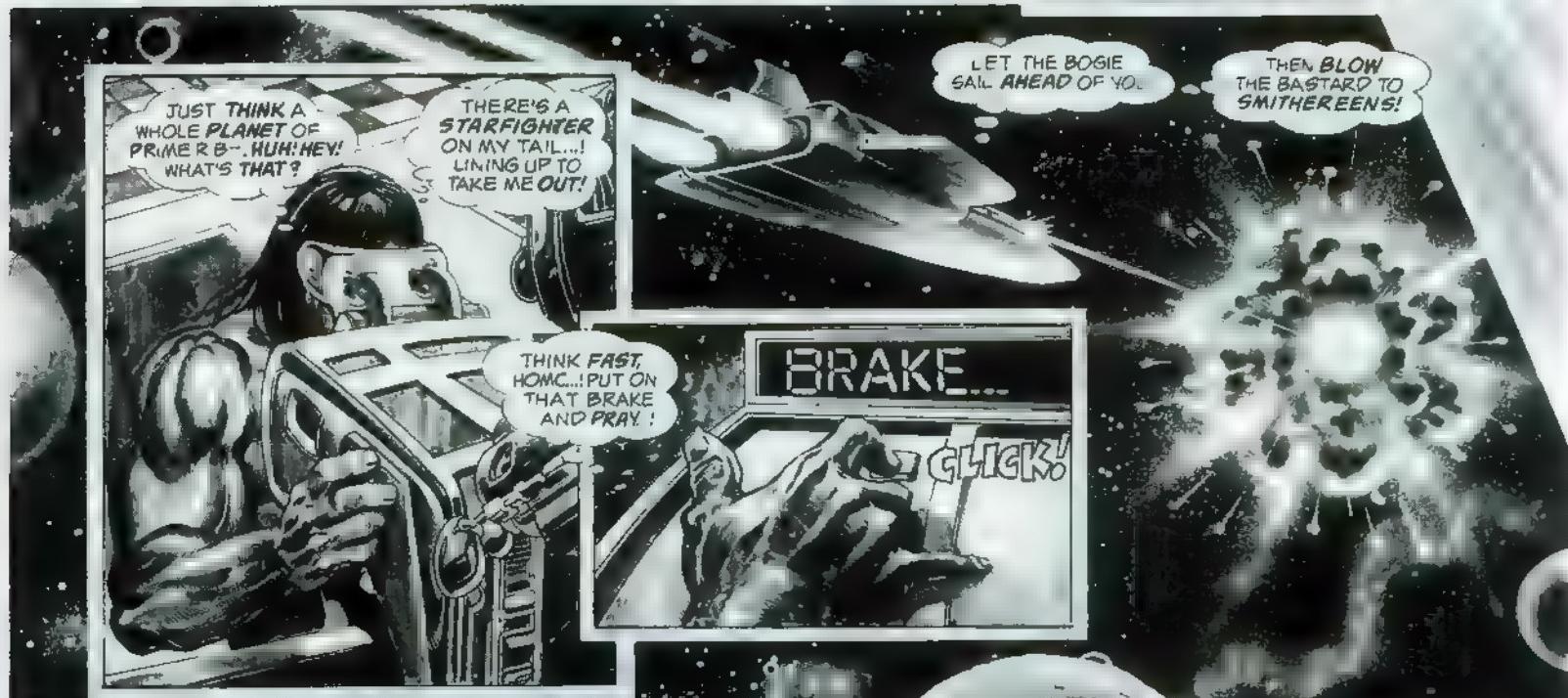
OH, HOMC...
YOU'RE SO
ROMANTIC!

QUICK, GUYS!
HE'S IN HERE...MAKIN'
TIME WITH SOME FAT
BROAD!

ANHH! WE'VE
GOT HIM NOW!
THAT REWARD
IS AS GOOD AS
IN OUR POCKET!







THE STABILIZER LOCKED AS TRACY ORDERED THE REAR BALLAST TANKS FILLED. HE RAMMED THE HEEL OF HIS HAND AGAINST THE LEVER, ATTEMPTING TO JAM IT LOOSE. THE DEVICE HELD FAST.

FAIRCHILD! INCREASE THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE ON THE STABILIZER. IT'S JAMMED AND UNLESS WE GET IT LOOSE, WE'RE LIABLE TO GO THROUGH A WALL.

AYE, SIR!

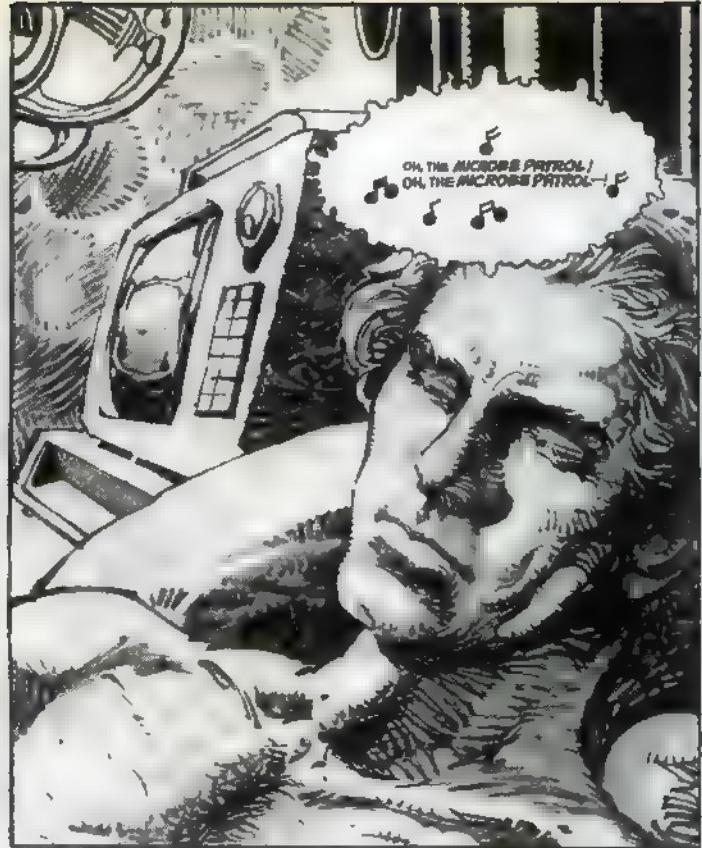
BEFORE THE COMMANDER'S EYES, THE PLASMA FLOWED IN STEADY CURRENTS. THE DOUGHNUT-SHAPED CELLS, BRIGHT RED IN COLOR, WOBBLED PAST HIS TINY SUB. BUT THE AMOEBOID WHITE CELLS HOVERED UNEASILY ABOUT THE CRAFT BEFORE PASSING ON.

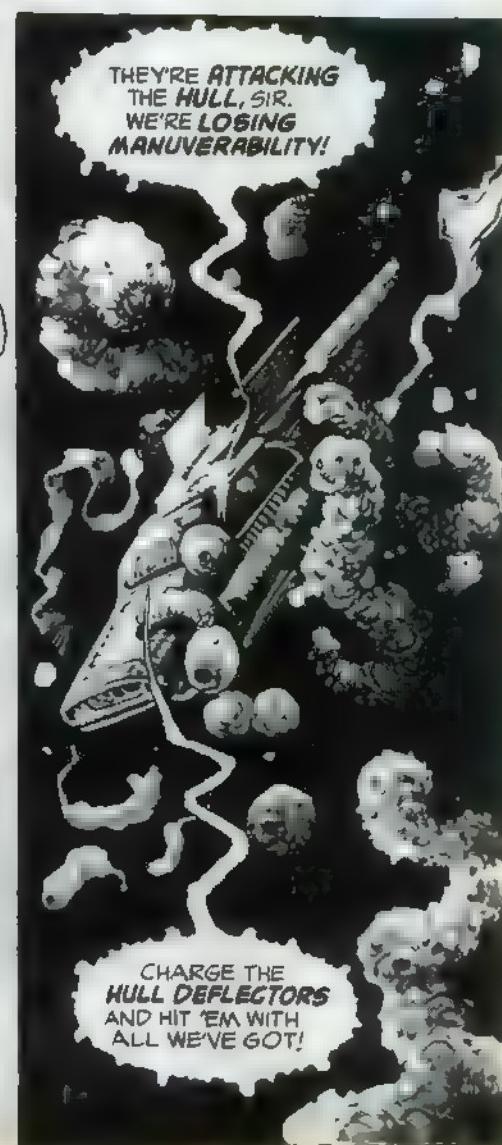


THE MICROBE PATROL

THEY CALLED THEIR CRAFT THE 'BUG' AND UNDER COMMANDER 'NEEDLE' TRACY, MORALE WAS HIGH. THIS WAS THEIR TWENTY-FOURTH EXCURSION INTO THE DISEASE RIDDEN CANALS... A JOURNEY AS UNCERTAIN AS A FLIGHT IN TO SPACE. BUT THEY BELIEVED IN THEIR MISSION AND THEY ENJOYED THE ELEMENT OF DANGER!

THE HUMAN BODY IS OUR HOME! THRU ARTERIES WE ROAM! THE GERMS WE GO A KILLIN'... WE'RE AS GOOD AS PENICILLIN!





IT'S WORKING, SIR!
THE ELECTRIC CHARGE
IS FORCING THE
CREATURES TO
LET GO!

ZKORTZ!

LET'S FINISH THEM, TEAM!
EVERY LAST ONE OF THE
BUGGERS!

BOY, DOES HE LOVE HIS
WORK! THEY SAY HE'S VOLUNTEERED
FOR MORE MISSIONS THAN
ANY OTHER SUB CAPTAIN! WHAT
A GUY!

I KNEW TRACY YEARS AGO...
WHEN HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL WIFE
AND SON. THEY... BOTH DIED OF
THE MYSTERIOUS LEGION FLU! HE'S
BEEN A MAN OBSESSED EVER
SINCE! HE HATES ALL GERMS
WITH AN INSANE PASSION!

THERE GOES 'LOVE 'EM AND
LEAVE 'EM LANA!' THAT GIRL'S
BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM THREE
DIFFERENT HOSPITALS BECAUSE
OF HER... INTIMACY WITH
THE PATIENTS.

HOW HORRID!
WHO WOULD FIND
SUCH A LOOSE
WOMAN
APPEARING?

MR. CARLSON FOR
ONE. I'LL BET HE'S
SCHEDULED FOR ONE
OF LANA'S SPECIAL "THERAPEUTIC"
SESSIONS RIGHT NOW!

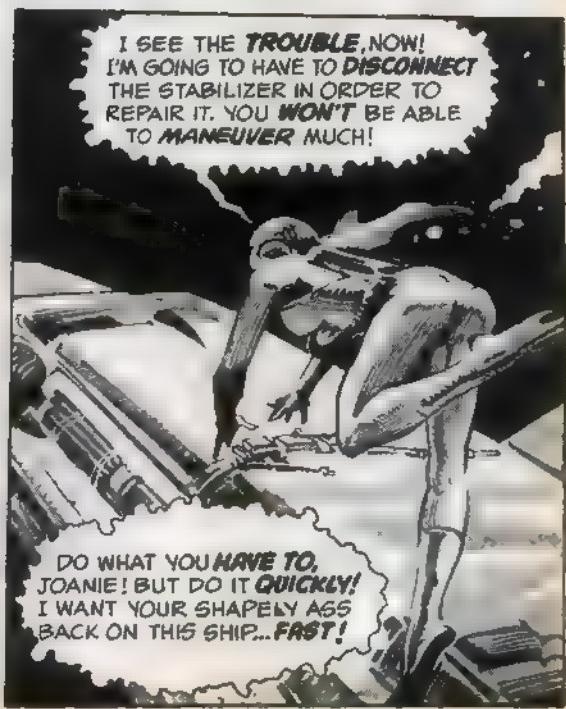
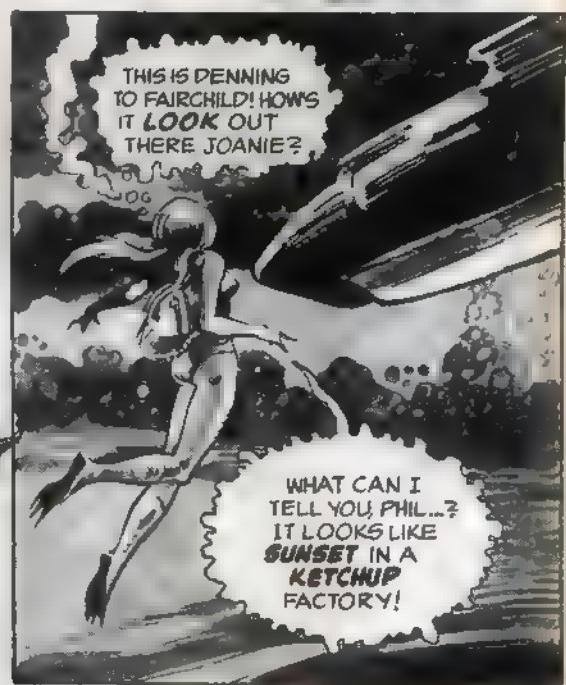
HELLO, MR. CARLSON!
HAVE YOU TIME FOR A
MEDICINAL BODY RUB!

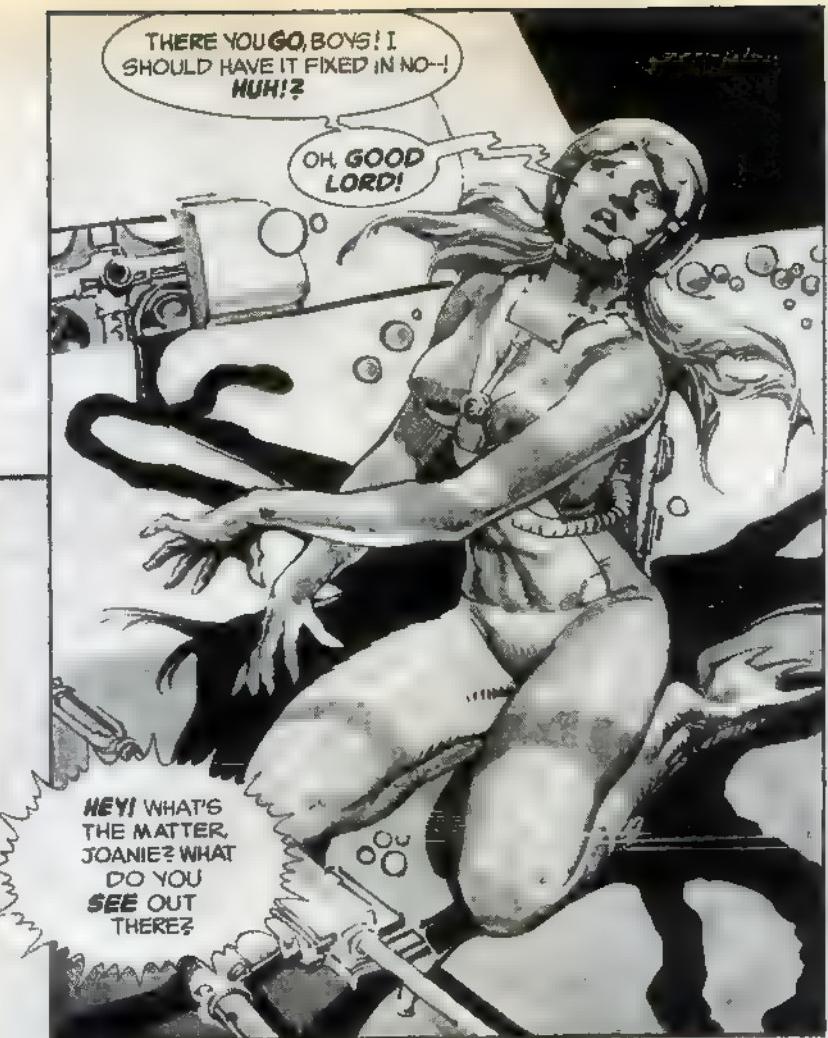
UH... RUBS LIKE
THAT I CAN
ALWAYS TAKE!

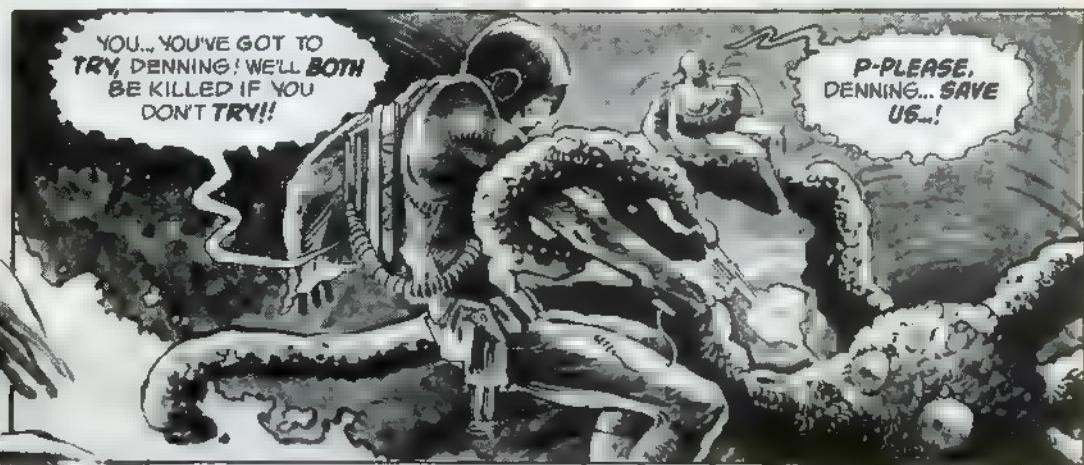
THIS IS A CURE THAT'LL
HAVE YOU UP IN NO
TIME!

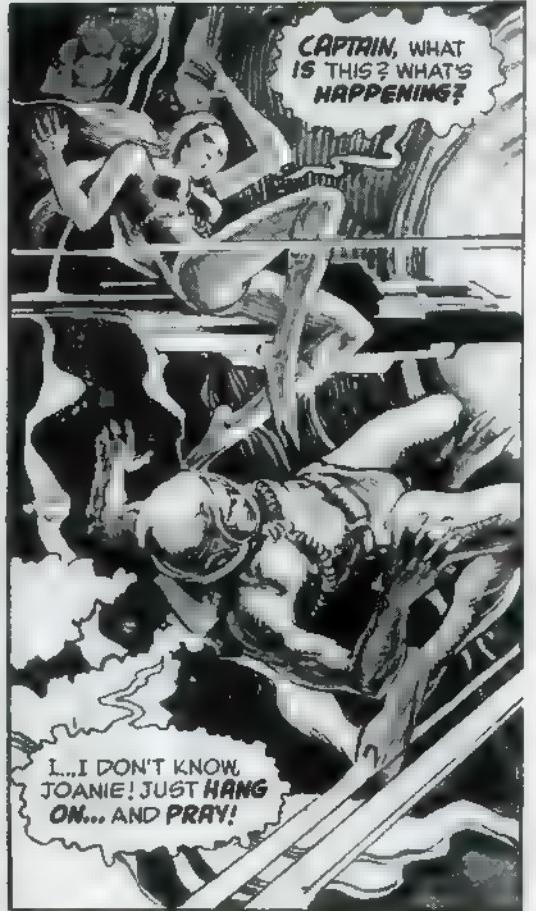
DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUT I'M
ALREADY UP!

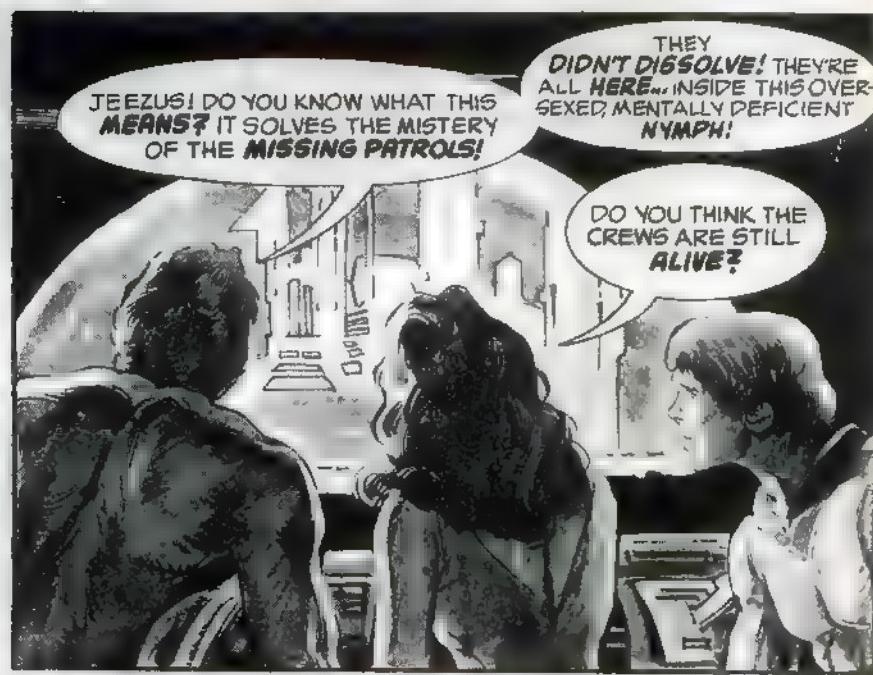
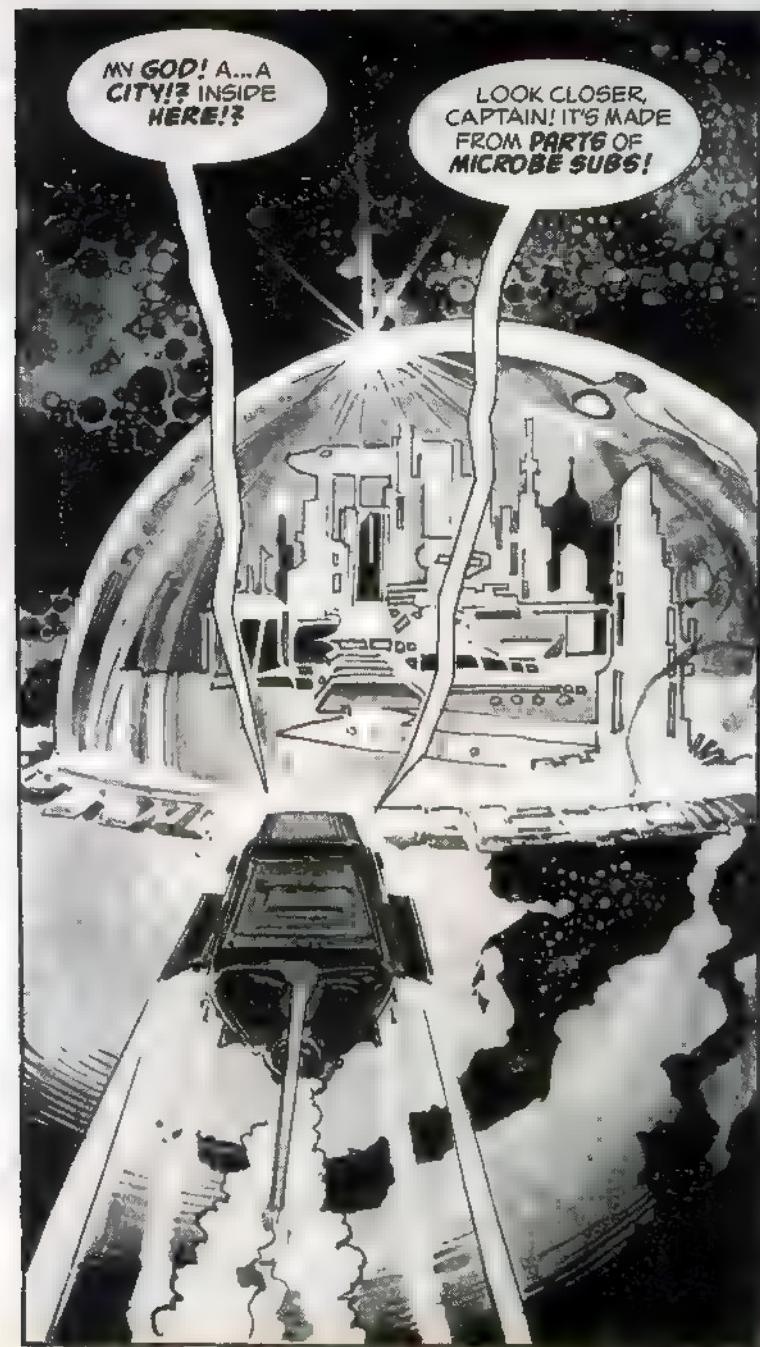
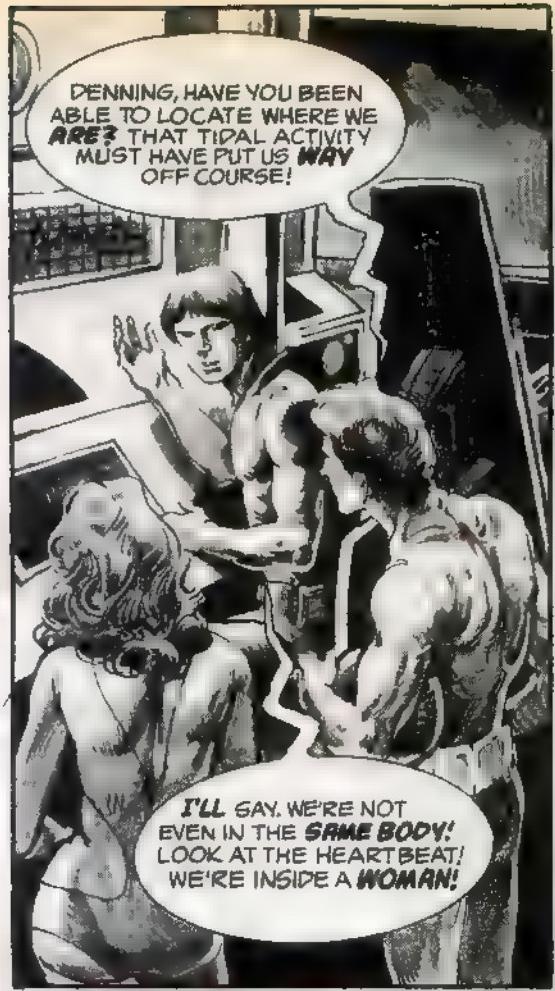


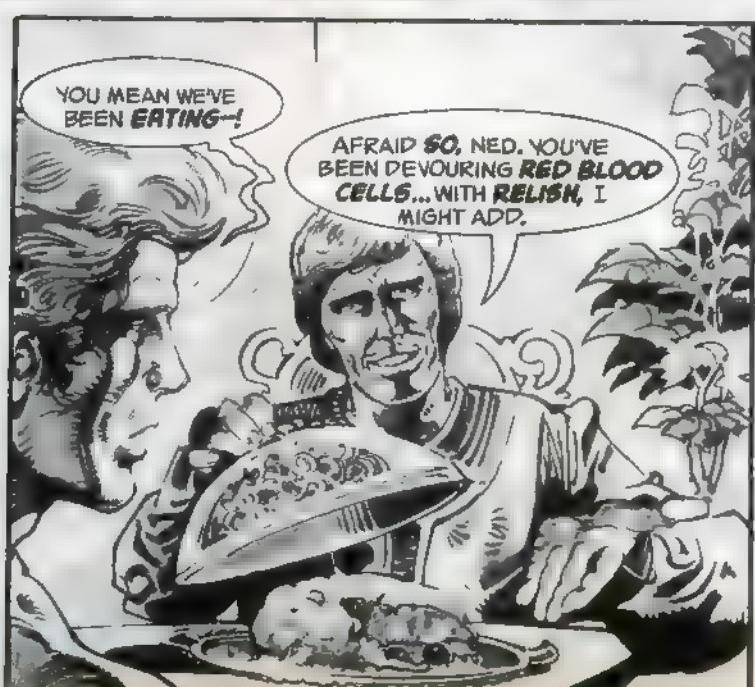
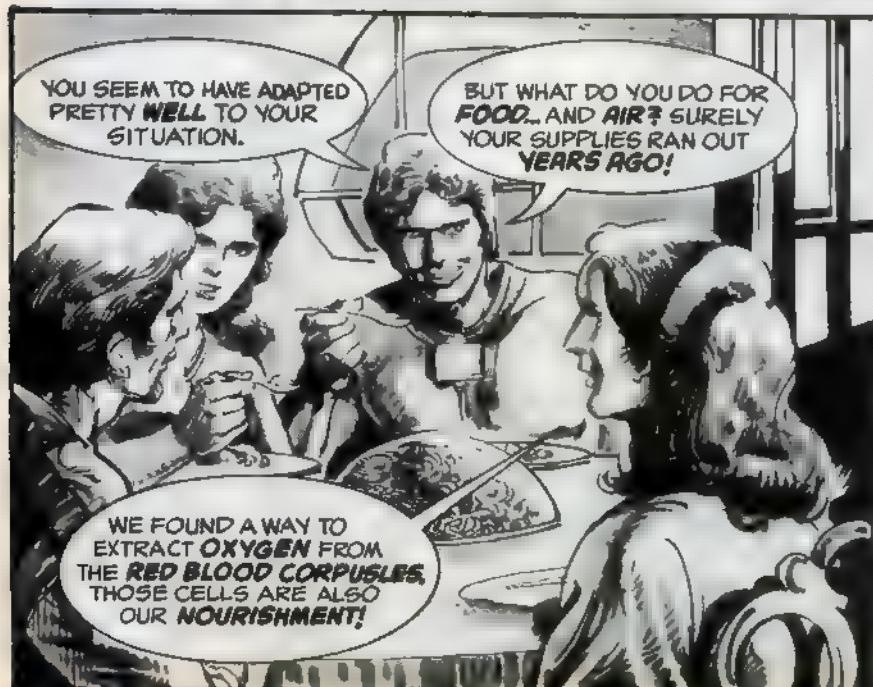
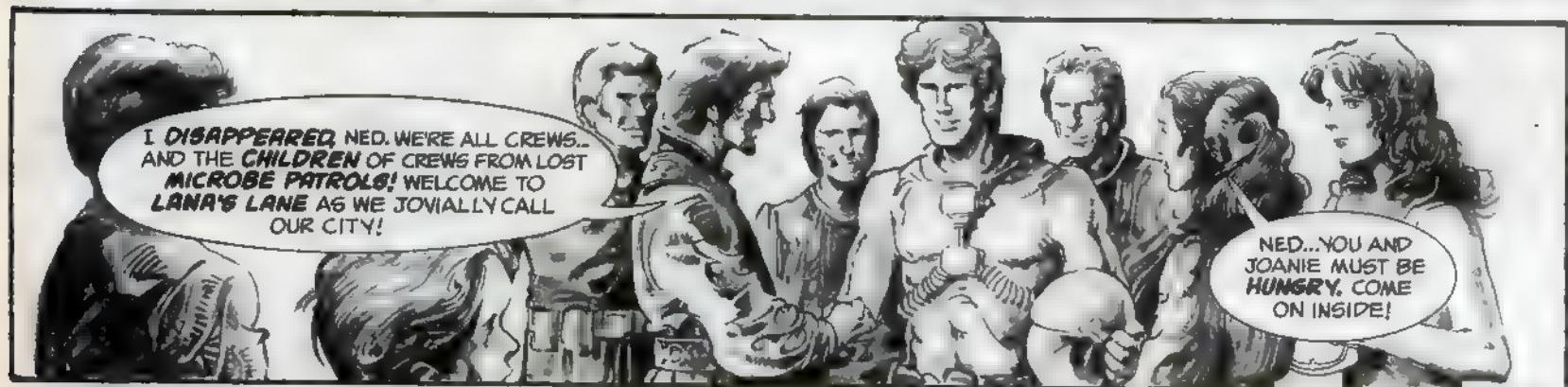
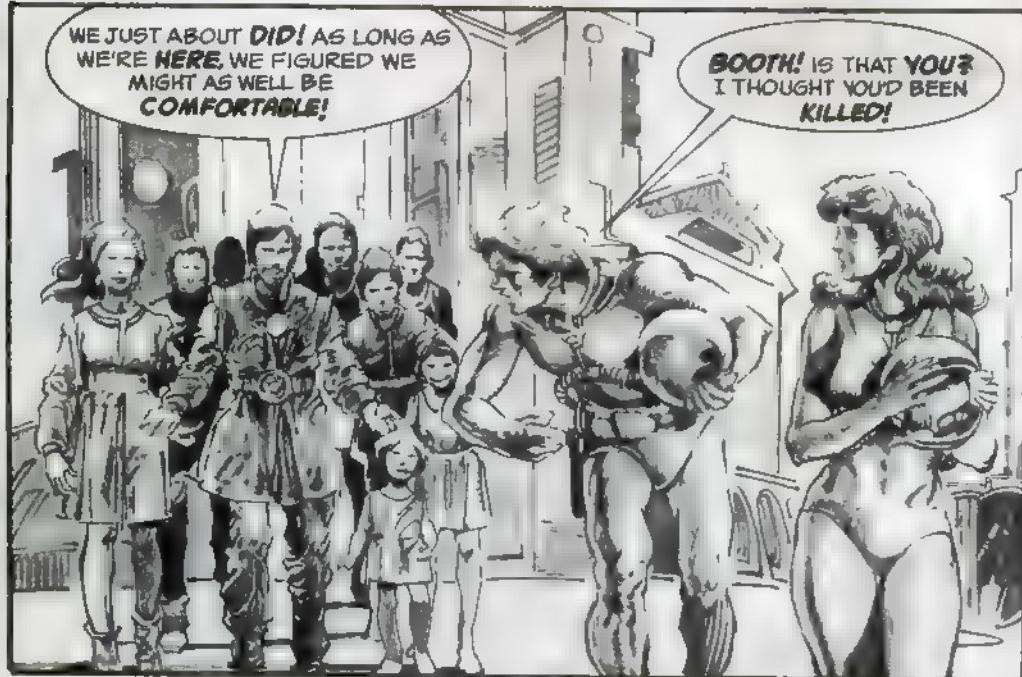




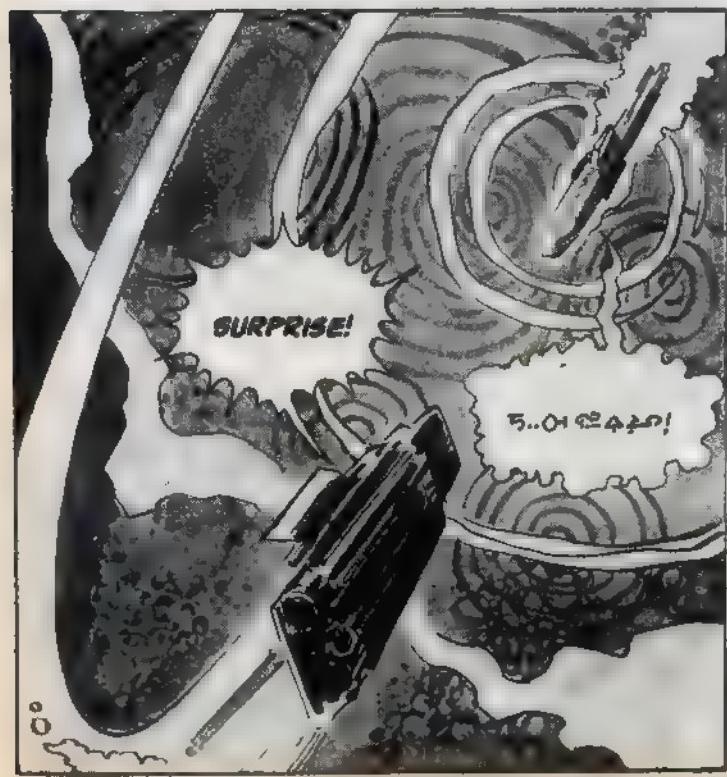
















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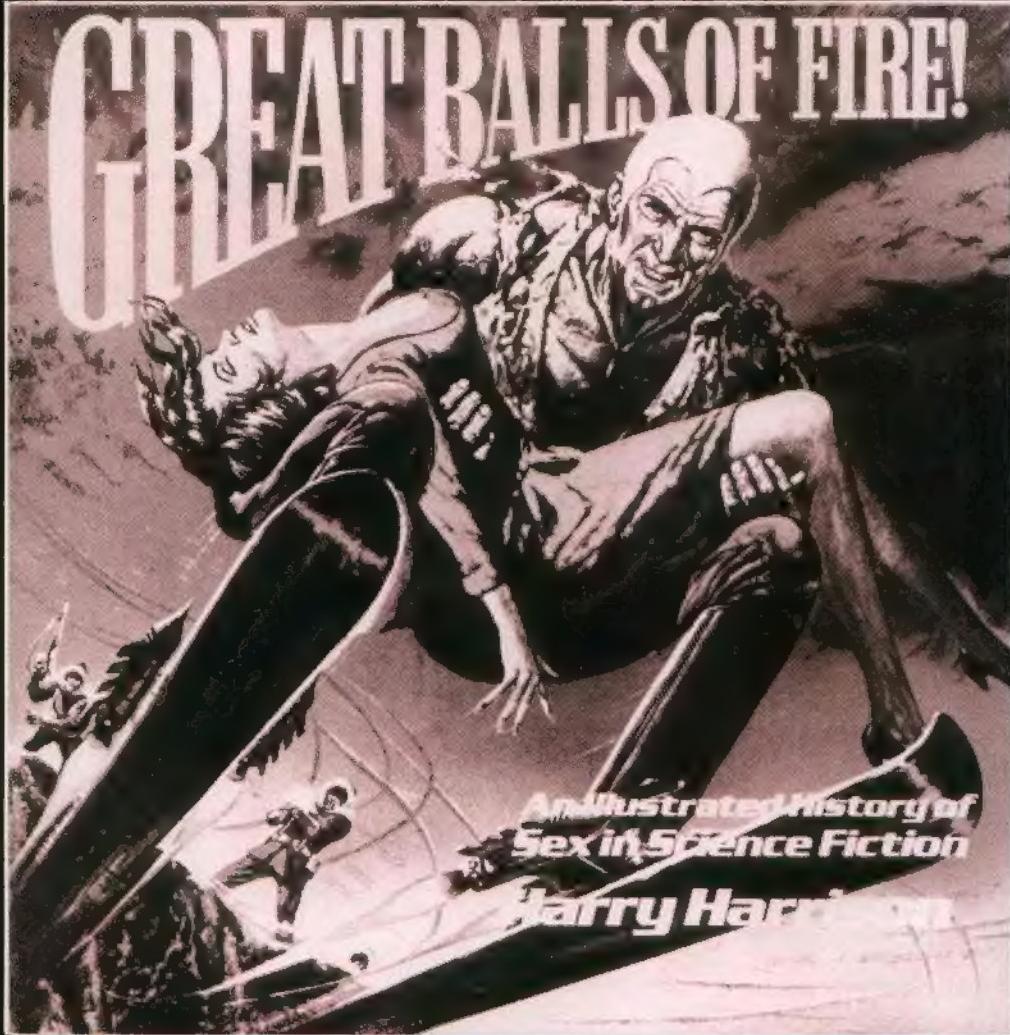
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